

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1874.

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAMAS.

By an odd, but not unprecedented caprice of opinion, the Parisian public have partially eschewed the more recent productions of the theatre, and turned to plays which have resisted the tests of time and persecution. Among these, Victor Hugo's pieces are the most dear to the hearts of managers. These dramas, which, previous to their production, met with the official ill-will of the interested, who feared—and with good reason—that the stage might be turned into an instrument of revolution; which too frequently encountered the hostility of the actors after running the gauntlet of the censors; which very often were systematically hissed off the stage by the stubborn adversaries of free expression; which would have been suppressed by the state if a cabal had not spared it the trouble—these dramas, proscribed for twenty years by the imperial *régime*, rise before the foot-lights as strong and vivacious as if they had been written for the occasion; and theatre-goers, *hommes du monde*, artists, journalists, and hardened disciples of M. Offenbach, who have long winced over the pale and unwholesome jokes of patchy vaudevilles, and drunk the vitriol of the operetta until they could scarcely help saying that Molière was a lugubrious buffoon beside Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy; all those, in fact, who greedily partook of such outrageous stuff while unconsciously being led to a great catastrophe, are there as spectators of these works of

No. 178.—VOL. XXX.

molten brass, which are of all time, because the passions they express are deeply human. "Ruy Blas" was revived last year, and held the stage of the Odéon for 150 nights—a greater success than when it was first produced; "Marion de Lorme," written in 1829, was lately attracting large and brilliant gatherings at the Comédie Française; La Porte Saint Martin, burnt down under the Commune, recently rose from its ashes with "Marie Tudor" for its inauguration. Whether it be owing to a transient fit of favour, or whether the Parisian public is still able to distinguish between the great and the small, Paris is infatuated with the Hugo *répertoire*; and when we bear in mind that at no time was the poet more attacked and ridiculed than at present, such partiality may perhaps be attributed to good taste rather than to caprice. The dramas of Victor Hugo are in every one's memory; and yet they draw infinitely more than even M. Alexandre Dumas's "first nights," and produce all the excitement and speculation attendant on famous *premières représentations*. To those who believe that France is beyond producing a good piece, a good book, or a good man, the Hugoite infatuation must afford some consolation, for it seems obvious, despite the eloquent declamations lately delivered in speech and print, that a people still open to admiration for masterpieces may be still capable of producing masters.

Opinions may vary, not on the merits

of M. Victor Hugo's dramas, but on their superiority over the plays of other distinguished contemporaries. It has been said, with some semblance of truth, that of all the departments of literature which the great poet has touched, the theatre is the weakest. We cannot say that the highest expression of his genius is revealed in the dramatic portion of his work; for it is scarcely possible to put anything above "*La Légende des Siècles*" and "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*;" but when the special subject here treated of is thus disparaged, its merits are only thrown into more striking relief. However inferior to himself Victor Hugo may be in his plays, these are, none the less, the first of the modern *répertoire*. They are therefore only to be judged on their own intrinsic merits, not as the unimportant productions of a man who wrote dramas in his leisure moments as an experiment.

The great superiority of these dramas—some in prose, as "*Angelo*" and "*Lucrèce Borgia*," others cast in fine and pregnant verses, like "*Le Roi s'amuse*" and "*Ruy Blas*"—is principally obvious when they are submitted to the test of a comparison with the most successful plays of the time. Place M. Hugo's weakest drama beside the finest of M. Ponsard's, and the distance that separates the real from the conventional will at once be measured; do the same with the best productions of M. Octave Feuillet—a dramatist of no mean order—and we see the superiority of a writer who treats human passions, over one who gives a fair superficial tracing of the transient manners of a portion of society. The only safe manner of estimating dramatic creations at their real value is to examine whether they are and will be of all time. If a play appears at all out of fashion—*démodée*—it may fairly be judged inferior, because it has gone little more than skin deep in the reproduction of human sentiments, and is doomed to pass because it pictures things that pass. Otherwise, there is no reason why the reputation of Scudéry should not have transcended that of Corneille. If Molière

and Corneille radiantly outlive their age and soar higher than any character of the *grand siècle*, while Scudéry, Voiture, Colletet, and a host of others are all but dead and buried, it is because their types, passions, and feelings live; while the personages of those minor scribes, as successful in their time as M. Sardou is in ours, were, if the metaphor may be allowed, casts of the human visage without any of its characteristic expressions. Moreover, to mould a work which shall resist the raids of time and of the ordinary narrow-minded men who abhor all that is true, because truth is too broad and overwhelming for their intellect, it is not only requisite that the necessities of the scene be not sacrificed to the conception; the situations must be plausible, natural, unsought for, and, even in verse, the *dramatis personæ* must express themselves as other people do. One feature only—the costumes, the place—may be archaic. If the play be not true, if the public do not hear sentiments which, maybe, have traversed their thoughts, if the author has sacrificed reality to rule and convention, however fine and well said the verses, the public will go to sleep, or will remain untouched, respectful, and indifferent.

Shortly before his death, Talma—too great an artist not to be aware of the insufficiency of the Racinian and other classical personations which his talent alone could render acceptable—bemoaned the sadness of his fate in having been eternally condemned to express himself on the scene as an Academician, and never as a man, just as Corneille was wont to lament at having to submit to the stage rules of Aristotle. "*Surtout plus de beaux vers!*" said Talma, perhaps unaware that with one word he was laying his finger on the fundamental defect of the classical school. Thus the tragedies of Racine are absolutely dull; and the few spectators "*Britannicus*" can muster now-a-days are those who suppose that Racine is admirable, and must in consequence be

yawned over with due respect to his great but undetected genius. What can be more dreary than the emphatic tirades of those pompous and extra-human personages, who entwine the simplest expression with paraphrases and circumlocutions, and, instead of

"Il est minuit,"

give us this curt and neatly put euphemism :—

"Du haut de ma demeure,
Seigneur, l'horloge enfin sonne la douzième
heure ;"

who cannot make up their minds to the shocking emergency of dying on the stage, but discreetly retire to the greenroom for that operation ; and who continue to express unnatural sentiments in masculine and feminine rhymes of the dreariest and most exasperating perfection ? It is by such narrow treatment that dramatic art is destroyed ; conventionality and affectation are far more baneful to stage excellence than the loudest excesses in the other extreme ; and from 1700 to 1810 the unparalleled poverty of the French theatre demonstrates but too conclusively with what degeneracy art may be afflicted under the influence of a Racine. It steadily waned throughout the eighteenth century. Racine was followed by Voltaire, a poor poet and dramatist ; and under Ducis and Pixérécourt, we find the classical style even more unbearable. Voltaire had somewhat vulgarized the name of Shakespeare, hitherto unknown in France, but had stamped him down as a "madman," after vain efforts to imitate him ; and it is a sign of the times that public taste was so radically perverted by pompous tragedy, that men like the immortal author of "Candide" should find it stupid and coarse for Othello to murder Desdemona before the public, and to carry ridicule and indecency so far as to do it with a pillow.

By a strange reaction, the honour of regenerating French dramatic art was reserved for the man whom the great

Voltaire stigmatized as a madman. At the beginning of this century Shakespeare was steadily read in France. A powerful generation, born and bred in the shadow of the first revolution, hot-blooded, passionate, open to generous ideas, possessing to a marvellous degree the keen spirit of art blended with the *esprit révolutionnaire*, taken in its highest acceptation, was inaugurating the age for France and promising great things for the future. On no other public could Shakespeare have worked more profoundly. "*Voilà la vérité dans l'art !*" exclaimed many of these boiling young men, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Paul Delacroix, and others. And henceforth Shakespeare was read and worshipped *con furore*. He was translated and imitated, and finally there came forth works pregnant with proud and self-asserted personality, not written after the manner but after the spirit of Shakespeare, in which men and women could die as they liked, where tragic sentiment did not exclude comedy, or comedy drama ; in fact, where creatures could cry, laugh, die, live, and speak as common mortals. These were M. Victor Hugo's.

It was in 1827. The sun of the Bourbons was setting for ever : the revolution of 1830 was already giving unequivocal tokens of its forthcoming outburst ; a spirit of rebellion was stirred, not only in politics but in literature. To Ducis had succeeded Casimir Delavigne ; to Casimir Delavigne, the missing link between *la vieille tragédie* and romanticism, another style was to succeed. At that time Victor Hugo, known hitherto as the young and promising poet of royalty, began to manifest decided leanings to dramatic writing. The young man was well read in the great English plays, but his literary education had been essentially orthodox ; he was brought up to respect Legitimacy and Catholicism, was still obviously impressed by what he had fed on, and his principles clashed for some time with his natural aspirations towards freedom of expression. It was not until an apparently trifling event,

which it is useful to record here as a species of prefatory explanation, revealed to him and others a boundless vein in art, that his ideas were fixed, and that he set with vigour and audacity to breaking with every tradition. The Odéon had given, for the first time in France, Weber's "Freischütz;" and the manager was so encouraged by the success of his foreign importation, that he induced Charles Kean and a troupe of English actors to give a series of Shakespearian performances. The attempt was not a little venturous; Frenchmen are but poor English scholars; it is in translations that they admire the beauties of English literature, even at this period of continuous international communication. We are told, for instance, by Alexandre Dumas (who translated many English books, although he knew not a word of the language) that Gustave Planché was, to his knowledge, one of the three or four literary men who could read Shakespeare in the text. However, this ignorance of English seems not to have impeded Kean's success. Victor Hugo followed with intense interest all the personations of the great English actor; the performances, guessed more than understood, inspired him with enthusiastic admiration for the genius whom he styles, in the preface to "Cromwell," "the god of the theatre, uniting in one person the three characteristic geniuses of the French scene—Corneille, Molière, Beaumarchais." He was then giving a last touch to "Cromwell;" the part of the Protector was destined for Talma. Talma was a man of taste and refinement, as well as a great actor; he divined that the young poet would give him occasions for other triumphs, and solicited a part in the forthcoming drama. But Talma died before its completion; and Victor Hugo developed it to proportions that excluded it from the stage. At the same time he wrote a preface to the play, purporting to be the grand manifesto of the *Romantiques*. The preface produced perhaps more effect than the drama; it was the signal for violent discussions in the two hostile

camp, and was the preliminary skirmish to the great battles fought over "Hernani" and "Marion." The *Classiques* were not so easily sent about their business. "La jeunesse dorée"—it was a golden youth then, not one of German silver—ranged itself under the banner of Victor Hugo, and the supporters of the old school prepared for the struggle. The painter Delacroix wrote to the poet: "*Eh bien, the field is ours!* Hamlet raises his hideous head, Othello prepares his pillow so essentially murderous and subversive of all good dramatic policy. You had better wear a stout cuirass under your coat. Fear the classical daggers." And, in truth, this jocular recommendation was not without reason, for the struggle was very soon to pass from literary to physical demonstrations.

The principles laid down in the famous preface were those that were to become the basis of the modern drama. "Three kinds of spectators," it said, "compose what it is agreed to call the public: (1) the women; (2) the thinkers; (3) the common mass. What the common mass demand of a dramatic work is *action*; what woman requires, above all things, is *passion*; what thinkers more especially seek are *types*. The common mass is so enamoured with action as willingly to overlook passion and types; women are so absorbed by the development of passion, that they give no attention to the design of the types; and as to thinkers, they are so eager to see types, that is to say, men, alive on the stage, that albeit they accept passion as a natural instinct in a dramatic work, their equanimity is almost disturbed by the action. This is because the common mass especially seek sensations in the theatre; women are in quest of emotion, and thinkers of reflection: all want pleasure; but the first want the pleasure of the eyes, the second that of the heart, the last that of the mind. Hence the existence of three very distinct kinds of dramatic work—one vulgar and imperious, the two others illustrious and superior, but all three

gratifying a separate want: the melodrama for the common mass; for women, the tragedy, where passion is analysed; for thinkers, the comedy, which describes humanity." This classification may be perhaps a little too exclusive, but on consideration it will be found to contain the immutable rules of dramatic production. The plays brimful of poison, murder, duels, and other violent actions, written for the Ambigu, could hardly be presented on any other stage, because they are written for a special unlettered public invincibly allured to the sight of such excrescences by a natural law. "For those," pursues Victor Hugo, "who study the three categories I have spoken of, it is evident that all three are in the right: women are right in wishing to be moved; thinkers in wishing to be taught; the common herd in wishing to be amused. Hence the necessity of the drama. Beyond the foot-lamps, that barrier of fire which separates the real from the ideal world, to create and to vivify men in the combined conditions of art and nature; to instil into these men passions which develop some and modify others; and lastly, out of their collision with the laws of providence, to derive human life—that is to say, great, small, painful, comical, and terrible events—such is the object of the drama. It is, in fact, the alliance of tragedy and comedy."

This was tantamount to classing Racine and his followers among the *perruques* that had fulfilled their time. Unfortunately the *perruques* were numerous in 1827; they cling to the Racinian *répertoire* as desperately as they held on to the Bourbons, and the Bourbons to their crown; and they were seconded by the vacillating mass which will at all times side with the opponents of innovation, following the ingenuous maxim that what has been consecrated by time and past generations must be infinitely superior to anything new, however good. So the *Perruquiers* were determined to play out the game *unguibus et rostro*—with fist and foot;

but how could this be done? "Cromwell," covering paper to the extent of five hundred pages, was not to appear on any stage: they would vow it to the infernal divinities on paper, and charge the writer with his scandalous ignorance of French grammar, and with misspelling Shakespeare's name, which he spelt "Schakspeare," and indulge in other such little fantasies with the pen. But that was all. There were enough tokens of combativeness in the preface, and sufficient dramatic power in the play to guarantee an early opportunity of fighting out the battle before the foot-lamps.

A year or so elapsed, and it suddenly became known that the desired moment was forthcoming. Victor Hugo had written a five-act drama called "Un Duel sous Richelieu," wherein the principles of romanticism were acted upon with a vengeance. The play had been read to an audience at once numerous and select: Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Soulier, Alexandre Dumas, the brother painters Deveria, Delacroix, Saint-Beuve, and the full body of heroes of the *romantique* Iliad. The poet's friends had feared that his talent could not bend itself to the exigencies of the stage; but the *lecture* had dispelled all apprehension; the applause had been unanimous, and Baron Taylor, the royal commissary of theatres, had risen to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to bespeak the piece (the name of which was afterwards changed to "Marion de Lorme") for the Théâtre Français. Shortly after, Victor Hugo received a letter from the manager of the Porte Saint Martin offering a splendid cast, including Frédéric Lemaître and Madame Alain-Dorval, both in the radiance of their talent. Then a gentleman with white trousers and a white face, and a decoration at his button-hole, the well-known M. Harel, besought the author to let him have it for the Odéon; and when the author alleged his engagement with the Théâtre Français, the enterprising manager, espying the MS. on the table, took forcible possession, and would have walked

off with it had he not with great difficulty been induced to relinquish his prize. So went the classical chronicle. But although the artists of the Comédie received their parts with favour, and the competition between managers was so great, the first onslaught was not to take place over "Marion de Lorme." The Censure condemned the play, on the plea of immoral and subversive tendencies. For the censors, it was a crime to show a Phryne capable of rehabilitation; for the Home Minister, M. de Martignac (poor both as author and statesman), who had perpetrated some vaudevilles in the old style in conjunction with Scribe, it was a grievous offence to write otherwise than Scribe and he did; as for Charles X. it was an enormity to place one of his weakest ancestors on the stage, and still worse to portray Louis XIII. in true colours. So Marion was prohibited by general consent. The drama was performed after the revolution of 1830, not with the original cast of the Théâtre Français, but at the Porte Saint Martin—Bocage in the part of Didier, and Dorval as Marion. Its success was not affirmed without passionate disputes: Madame Dorval, admirable from the first to the last word of her part, was hissed more than once, especially at the verses—

"Fut-ce pour te sauver, redevenir infâme,
Je ne le puis. Mon Didier, ton souffle a
relevé mon âme!" &c. &c.

by those who, to use the poet's words, "could not hear chaste things with chaste ears." But, as with most pieces the excellence of which is contested because they are partly misunderstood, "Marion de Lorme" eventually triumphed, not because the obnoxious verses and situations, but the public, were altered. This drama, the first stage piece written by M. Victor Hugo, is by no means his best: it is far below "Le Roi s'amuse," "Ruy Blas," and, we should almost say, "Lucrèce Borgia," in dramatic construction. The knowledge of the stage is often meagre; Didier comes in at the window when there is no reason why he should not use the door. There are frequent

coincidences, as when Marion says to Didier—

"Vous êtes mon Didier, mon maître et mon seigneur,"

almost the words of Doña Sol, in "Hernani,"—

"Vous êtes mon lion superbe et généreux."

There is too much analogy, too, between the parts and speeches of De Nangis and De Silva—an analogy which may be said to extend, for type at least, to St. Vallier in "Le Roi s'amuse." Extreme deference to historical veracity has also led the poet to frame the character of Louis XIII. on a too drawling and laggard pattern. It is true that, allowing for these defects, there remains a very fine drama, altogether worthy of the writer. What wit and *entrain* in the speeches of the volatile De Saverny! The light, harebrained, unconsciously cruel, and yet withal open nature of the seventeenth century *seigneur*, is given with incomparable delicacy and exactness; and the whole of the fifth act, culminating in Didier's forgiveness of Marion for deceiving him, is admirable—

"Eh bien! non! non! mon cœur se brise! c'est horrible!

Non; je l'ai trop aimée! Il est bien impossible

De la quitter ainsi! Non, c'est trop malaisé
De garder un front dur quand le cœur est brisé!

Viens! O viens dans mes bras!"

Is the play immoral? The treatment it met at the hands of Charles X.—a treatment, it would seem, recently repeated in this country—points to immorality. An erring creature, lost in the whirl of a brilliant and dissolute life, is by chance touched to the heart by real, profound love; forthwith she eschews the past, leaves for ever the scene of her disorders, and makes herself a life of crystalline purity. The event that has worked this sudden conversion is real love; the woman is transfigured, and feels a horror for her past life. The moral object of "Marion de Lorme" is, then, to show that virtue can bend down even to the most forlorn

and abandoned, and raise them again to the eyes of the world, respectable, if not respected. Looked upon in this light (we think the right one), "*Marion de Lorme*" is no more the subversive play, the outrage on respectable feelings, it is generally considered to be; and the parallel frequently made with "*La Dame aux Camélias*" of Dumas fils is false and dishonest.

We have now to return to the sequel of the prohibition of M. Victor Hugo's first piece. "*Hernani*" was yet to come. It was written a few days after the undaunted dramatist's check, was read to Mademoiselle Mars and the *élite* of the Français, enthusiastically greeted by the artists, and forthwith rehearsed. The eagerness of the best comedians to secure even the most unimportant parts; the excitement caused by the prohibition of "*Marion de Lorme*;" the rapidly-increasing celebrity of the author, and, most of all, the declared war between the *Ecole* and the *Romantiques* all contributed to raise public curiosity to the highest degree, and turned the forthcoming production into a topic that threw every other question in the shade, and made the first performance of "*Hernani*" a memorable event. Foes of the new style used every means, *per fas et nefas*, to insure its failure. They commenced by disaffecting the actors; and Mademoiselle Mars, the original Doña Sol, showed (as Dumas has told us in his memoirs) that a great artist can be one of the worst-tempered of women. Mademoiselle Mars would insist on altering verses which she accused of being "ridiculous," disregarded the friendly advice of the author, treated him with biting contempt, and drove him to desperation. The play was unknown, and attacked beforehand. Fragments of scenes were surreptitiously secured and held up to public ridicule. A *classique* author was once found concealed, during a rehearsal, taking down the verses as they were recited; and thus a parody of an unproduced play was given at the Vaudeville. The very *figurants* of the theatre, under these combined efforts, regarded M. Victor Hugo

with supercilious looks; and it came out that the *chef de clique* himself was an opponent of the *Romantiques*. This worthy chief of the "*Romans*" claimed literary opinions of his own; by dint of applauding when the public chose to allow him, he thought that the success of pieces depended on his co-operation; and he declared he was too loyal to help Victor Hugo with his puissant hands, after doing the same service to Delavigne and Scribe. The poet, however, appealed from the *claqueurs* to the *jeunesse* of the Quartier Latin, and intrusted them with the preservation of his rights. The substitution was advantageous. Under the leadership of the hirsute and athletic Théophile Gautier, the phalanx was prepared to apply biceps to any amount in favour of literature; most of these exuberant young men afterwards became illustrious in their own sphere, and distinguished themselves in other ways than by their readiness to burn down Paris rather than permit "*Hernani*" to be hooted off by a cabal. The great day arrived, and with it an avalanche of turnip-tops, cabbages, and other missiles, showered down on the heads of the Gautier phalanx as they waited for admittance, by *Classiques* encamped on the roof of the Comédie Française. This was followed in the house, as a *lever de rideau*, by a hand-to-hand encounter, wherein Gautier gave evidence of his muscular vigour by throwing a weaker *Classique*, who was hissing, at another *Classique* who was also hissing in another part of the pit. In fact, when the curtain rose on Doña Sol's chamber, many a spectator was stanching the blood from his ill-treated nose. The first scenes—the meeting of *Hernani* and King Don Carlos, the dialogue between the bandit and Ruy Gomez—passed with but faint opposition; the nobleness of the sentiment and the beauty of the verse impressed the enemy more than they had reckoned. The most delicate turn of the evening was the famous "scene of the portraits," in which Ruy Gomez de Silva enumerates to Carlos the exploits of his ancestors. It passed with but a

few murmurs; the opposition was completely cowed, the success almost unanimous; and while the house was still filled with acclamations after the fifth act, and M. Hugo was congratulating Mademoiselle Mars on her admirable performance, Doña Sol, softened by her success, was as charming as she had before been crotchety and overbearing. She no longer haggled over

"Mon lion!"

but declared every verse superb. Her joy, however, was premature. The orthodox *feuilletonistes*, the partisans of "good taste," filled the Comédie Française on the second night, and recommenced the struggle more fiercely than ever. Théophile Gautier and his heroes were at their post; almost every verse was hissed, applauded, interrupted. It became necessary for the champions of romanticism to assist at every representation, and as the number of seats allotted to them did not exceed a hundred, they fought an uphill battle. The performances became more and more stormy, until, on the forty-seventh night, exasperation attained alarming proportions. "Hernani" was given in the provincial towns; at Toulouse it led to a duel which resulted in the death of one combatant. Eight years elapsed before the revival of the play that had provoked such extraordinary demonstrations. Still it was less calculated to provoke outbursts of passion than "Marion," for the morality of the subject was unquestionable, and the clerical party could detect no offensive allusions; but "Hernani"—inferior in many respects to "Marion"—was the first onslaught on literary pedantry; it was, in regard to taste, what "Tartufe" had been to devout hypocrites. It had commenced the work of demolition; and henceforth M. Victor Hugo, having proved that he could write a drama on the plan developed in the preface to "Cromwell," became the leading dramatic celebrity.

His activity was really remarkable. In 1832, barely three years after "Hernani," he had completed two other

dramas, one of which was to turn out at once his best and his most unfortunate. "Le Roi s'amuse" has to this day the attraction of a novelty; it was performed once, and then set aside by official prevision not unbacked by public disapproval, and yet its recent revival at the Porte Saint Martin was looked for with more interest than its production had been.¹ The plot is well known: Triboulet, the shapeless buffoon of Francis I. of France, encourages him in his lawless invasions of private life and eulogises his corrupt habits; an old man, St. Vallier, father of Diane de Poitiers, upbraids the king with the seduction of his daughter; Triboulet, who has a daughter too, scoffs at his grief; and by a just retribution, what has happened to St. Vallier strikes him like a curse for his cynicism—the "roi galant" robs him of his daughter Blanche, who dies murdered in an ambush prepared by her father for the king. It is easy to see how fertile this texture is in thrilling dramatic situations; and although some of the scenes arising out of these situations are uncouth and savage, the fundamental idea of the play is not more immoral or repulsive than that of "Marion." Victor Hugo, moreover, throughout the development of "Le Roi s'amuse" (an antithetic title of sinister meaning), betrays that immense compassion for all that is disgraced by nature, prejudice, and human injustice, which has ever been discernible in his works. In "Notre Dame" we have Quasimodo, a monster ejected from society, ill-treated, insulted like a pariah because of his deformity, and yet revealing beneath a hideous form a soul capable of love and fidelity. In "Les Misérables" there is again the pariah of society, Jean Valjean. In "Le Roi s'amuse," the black sheep is Triboulet. It is difficult to depict with more fervent power the sufferings of this poor buffoon, painfully concealed under a mask of laughter; his laughter, at first more

¹ The play has since been prohibited by the French government.

painful than the bitterest tears, turns tragic like that of Mephistopheles; the distorted fool suffers so much from man and nature, that his soul becomes fiendish; he laughs at the sight of misery, scoffs at anguish, whispers corruption in the ears of Francis I., is the evil genius of the royal court. The wretch remains attached to humanity by one single link—paternal love. With his daughter he casts away the mask and the wickedness of the court buffoon. The verses of the monologue in which Triboulet curses his fate are well known:—

“ Ah ! La nature et les hommes m'ont fait
Bien méchant ; bien cruel et bien lâche en
effet !
O rage, être bouffon ! O rage être difforme !
Toujours cette pensée ! Et qu'on veuille ou
qu'on dorme,
Quand du monde en rêvant vous avez fait le
tour,
Retomber sur ceci : je suis bouffon de cour !
Ne vouloir, ne devoir, ne pouvoir, et ne faire
Que rire ! quel excès d'opprobre et de misère !

O Dieu ! triste et l'humeur mauvaise,
Pria dans un corps mal fait où je suis mal à
l'aise,
Tout rempli du dégoût de ma difformité,
Jaloux de toute force et de toute beauté,
Entouré de splendeurs qui me rendent plus
sombre,
Parfois, farouche et seul, quand je cherche un
peu l'ombre,
Si je veux recueillir et calmer un moment
Mon âme qui sanglote et pleure amèrement,
Mon maître tout à coup survient, mon joyeux
maître,
Qui, tout puissant, aimé des femmes, heureux
d'être,
A force de bonheur oubliant le tombeau,
Grand, jeune, et bien-portant, et roi de France,
et beau,
Me pousse avec le pied dans l'ombre où je
souponne,
Et me dit en baillant : Bouffon, fais moi donc
rire ! ”

Then follow the developments of a curious psychological study. When St. Vallier impeaches the king for granting his reprieve at the cost of his daughter's honour, in accents unsurpassed for elevation of sentiment, and Triboulet roars at his grief, the outraged old man says to Francis—

“ Sire, ce n'est pas bien.
Sur le lion mourant vous lâchez votre chien ! ”

and, turning upon the grinning jester—

“ Qui que tu sois, valet à langue de vipère,
Qui fais ainsi risée de la douleur d'un père,
Sois maudit ! ”

St. Vallier's anathema takes effect. Triboulet's daughter is torn from him and taken in the net of the debauched king; he in his turn feels the anguish of St. Vallier, and the drama reaches its climax when Triboulet insults the courtiers who have served their master's caprice. This scene is written throughout with the consummate skill of a noble artist; and it is really astonishing how the rules of poetry and refined form are united with the most furious and savage expressions of anguish. The evil too is irreparable; for Blanche has learnt to love her ravisher. Triboulet then vows revenge. He allures the king to a *coup-gorge*, and the crime is almost accomplished when the sister of the bravo takes pity on the sleeping monarch, and persuades the keeper of the den to murder the first comer, and hand the body to Triboulet as the object of his revenge. The jester's daughter has heard this, and she resolves to save her royal lover at the cost of her own life. Thus Triboulet, a few moments after, is gloating in the darkness over his child's corpse, believing it to be that of his foe:—

“ Scélérat ! Pense tu m'entendre encore ?
Ma fille, qui vaut plus qui ne vaut ta cou-
ronne,
Ma fille, qui n'avait fait de mal à personne,
Tu me l'as enlevée et prise ! Tu me l'as
Rendue avec la honte—et le malheur, hélas !
Eh bien, dis, m'entends-tu ? Maintenant,
c'est étrange ;
Oui, c'est moi qui suis là, qui ris et qui me
venge !
Parce que je feignais d'avoir tout oublié,
Tu t'étais endormi ! Tu croyais donc—
pitié !—
La colère d'un père aisément édentée !
Oh non, dans cette lutte entre nous suscitée,
Lutte du faible au fort, le faible est le
vainqueur ;
Lui qui léchait tes pieds, il te ronge le
cœur ! ”

He continues thus to vent his rage until a flash of lightning shows him the countenance, not of the king, but of his daughter. Thus the jester feels

to the end the scourge of his bad action; while throughout the play his desperate situation and the good side of his nature are constantly shown off. The just rendering of passion, the plausibility of the situations, and the beauty of the verse, form a drama that can stand any comparison. And yet thirty-five years ago it was hissed! Had the performance of "*Le Roi s'amuse*" been continued, the public would probably have altered their verdict; but Louis Philippe took exception to a strong verse in the fourth act. The bourgeois king thought it was an allusion to his family, though the author haughtily denied ever having stooped to such a means of attack. Here we have another instance of the official prohibition of plays turning to the profit of the proscribed and the ridicule of the proscribers. Charles X. could not retard his overthrow by stopping "*Marion de Lorme*;" Louis Philippe did himself no good by prohibiting "*Le Roi s'amuse*," nor was the empire a whit stronger for excluding all M. Victor Hugo's dramas from the French stage. In each case M. Hugo was the gainer.

By far the most successful Hugoïte novelty was "*Lucrèce Borgia*." This time the drama was in prose, and claimed the hospitality of the Boulevard Comédie Française, at the Porte Saint Martin. This house, now so melodramatic, was then literary; it promised actors like F. Lemaitre and Bocage; and the celebrated Mademoiselle Georges was to be Lucrèce. The young *Romantiques*—even Théophile Gautier, who by this time had made a reputation of his own by "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*"—were ever ready to fight for verse; but they hesitated to commit themselves for prose, and were only induced to do so after the reading of a few scenes, which converted them. The drama proved a triumphant success, more especially for that admirable artist Lemaitre, who, as Gennaro, was one of the most terrific sons ever begotten by a monstrous stage mother. "*Lucrèce Borgia*" was a good drama, with a

strong tinge about it of the "movement" which the author so severely denounced; it was written in fine vigorous French, and is altogether of more than average quality. The sensational side of "*Lucrèce*," however, probably captivated more than all its intrinsic value. M. Victor Hugo's genius, more at ease in a poetical form, in this drama writes his poetry in prose; and poetry in prose in M. Hugo's hands must necessarily appear unduly emphatic. The subject of "*Lucrèce*" is, undoubtedly, repulsive; still Lucrèce Borgia, albeit a monster, is capable of maternal love; so much so, indeed, that she leaves her son Gennaro in ignorance of his birth rather than that he should know her infamy. In "*Le Roi s'amuse*" Triboulet unwittingly kills his daughter; Gennaro murders his mother. The poet has, doubtless, intended to make a contrast between the two characters: one the victim of injustice and cruelty, but punished because he inflicted on others what he would have others do to himself; the other, the incarnation of vice, malice, and ferocity, justly perishing by what must be to her the most horrible of deaths. To place a parricide on the stage, even when he is unconscious of the extent of his crime, is of very questionable necessity. However, M. Victor Hugo might argue, as he probably did, that the best way of inspiring repulsion for monstrous passions is to exhibit them in all their horror. Moreover, if this controversy on the right of producing certain subjects on the stage, with a view to public teaching, be reserved, the same elevated purpose which the dramatist betrayed in "*Marion*," is traceable in the portraiture of Lucrèce, and we see that a creature, however monstrous or disgraced, is not wholly beyond the pale of human forgiveness, and may be yet worthy of redemption.

"*Marie Tudor*," another prose drama, wherein the English queen is the principal person, is still more open to the reproach of exaggerated melodramatic effect than "*Lucrèce Borgia*." It

scarcely deserved a failure, but it scarcely deserved success. It was in this play that the charming serenade, so prettily put in music by M. Gounod, was introduced:—

“Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir, entre mes bras,
Entends tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas ?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours. . .
Chantez, ma belle !
Chantez toujours !”

The last of his prose plays was “Angelo.” It was supported by two great actresses, Mademoiselle Mars, and her equal in talent, Madame Alain-Dorval. To pit two rival artists in the same piece against each other was an excellent means of insuring a capital interpretation. Madame Dorval was Catarina, the tyrannized wife of Angelo Malipieri; and Mademoiselle Mars the *courtisane* La Tisbé—both in love with the same man. Angelo Malipieri, Podestà of Padua, an impulsive man and a jealous husband, suspects his wife of faithlessness, and immediately resolves to have her quietly beheaded in her own room—an ingenious device for avoiding scandal. This is the more unjust, since Catarina, though in love with a third person, Rodolfo, is quite innocent of the crime for which she is to suffer; while Malipieri, her executioner, is himself guilty of it. As usual, poor Catarina is given a few hours to settle her earthly affairs, and obtains poison instead of the axe. La Tisbé here makes her appearance, and, on learning the poor woman's desperate plight, saves her, gives her the means of running away with Rodolfo—a terrible sacrifice, since she is also in love with him—and, when they are gone, poisons herself. The object is to present two types of women: one in the world, striving against despotism, the other banished from society, yet withal generous, and striving against public contempt. This psychological study has the fault of having been to a great extent expounded in some of the dramas spoken of before.

By way of variety, M. Hugo next extracted a libretto from “Notre Dame de Paris,” which was set to music by a lady composer, Mademoiselle Louise Bertin. Meyerbeer volunteered his services; but they were declined, which was a misfortune, for an opera by Victor Hugo and Meyerbeer might have kept its ground, whereas Mademoiselle Bertin's music was a complete failure. Madame Victor Hugo relates, in her interesting record of her husband's life, that the work had been based on the word ἀνάγκη—“fatality.” Fatality indeed pursued the work and the singers who interpreted it. Nourrit, the famous tenor, shortly after committed suicide in Italy; Mademoiselle Falcon lost her voice immediately after; Mademoiselle Bertin died. A ship named *Esmeralda* was lost at the time in the Irish Sea; and a favourite race-horse that had borne the same name, and belonged to the Duc d'Orleans, was killed a few days after the failure of the opera. These odd coincidences are worth recording.

The successful production of “Ruy Blas” was an adequate compensation for the failure at the Opera. This drama, second only to “Le Roi s'amuse,” was performed in 1838 at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, now the Italian Opera. The history of the piece is very interesting. The new house was specially established for the demands of the new art; not only Victor Hugo's plays, but those of Alexandre Dumas, were to be given. The part of Ruy Blas was intrusted to Frédéric Lemaître, Don César was St. Firmin, and Alexandre Maugin undertook the part of Don Salluste de Bazan. Of these three accomplished comedians, one only—Frédéric Lemaître—is alive, and occasionally shows his white hairs in parts specially written for him. He made Ruy Blas one of the grandest creations of the French stage; and for the first time, according to Victor Hugo's own words, the poet felt the satisfaction of seeing his hero live as he had imagined him. At one of the rehearsals, Victor Hugo narrowly missed being killed by an iron

bar which fell on the chair he had just vacated. Of these rehearsals Lemaitre was the soul; he not only applied all his powers to the perfection of his own part, but he assisted his comrades with valuable advice, reciting their scenes and indicating the proper intonation. When the performance at last took place, it was soon obvious that the usual public of the Hugoïte and other *romantique* representations was no more. A new generation was rapidly replacing it; the ardent friends who had done such stout work at "Hernani," had become too grave and too old to sport red waistcoats and flowing manes; some were popular authors in their turn, and thought of themselves; some had married; all had parted with their hair and much of their enthusiasm. It was the fault of time and age; not a few were already turning longing looks towards the once ostracized Académie Française, and sagaciously reckoned that many romantic idols must have to be sacrificed before they could slip into that respectable circle. We rather think M. Victor Hugo himself had stood as a candidate for academic laurels, and had been deservedly sent about his business for presuming to claim a place not ordinarily accorded to literary merit.¹ "Ruy Blas" was favourably received withal. And it was impossible to resist the effect of such fine verses, and of Lemaitre's tremendous acting. It is said that in the fifth act he surpassed the greatest comedians. The passages in which Ruy Blas tears his cloak off and exclaims—

Je m'appelle Ruy Blas, et je suis un valet!"

and stigmatizes his master thus—

"J'ai l'habit d'un laquais, mais vous en avez l'âme!"

were said with a fury and passion which made the public think that never were finer verses or more splendidly said. On the fourth night, Lemaitre, noticing a spectator who had systematically hissed

at certain portions of the drama, said, as usual, to Don Salluste—

"Sauvons ce peuple! Osons être grands, et frappons!
Otons l'ombre à l'intrigue et le masque. . ."

but instead of addressing the end of the verse to Don Salluste, he advanced to the footlights, looked the perturbator in the face, and said to him—

" . . . aux fripons!"

In this closing piece of M. Victor Hugo's dramatic production the reader will find few of his defects, while all his qualities are strained to the highest degree of expansion. Antitheses are used with striking effect, as in the following verses (Ruy Blas's declaration to the queen), so much ridiculed by some writers, but which we take leave to point out as charming:—

"Madame, sous vos pieds, dans l'ombre, un homme est là
Qui vous aime, perdu dans la nuit qui le voile;
Qui souffre, ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile;
Qui pour vous donnera son âme s'il le faut,
Et qui se meurt en bas, quand vous brillez en haut!"

The *scenario* has some likeness with Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules;" but the two ideas are quite differently worked out. Molière's knavish laqueys, Jodelet and Mascarille, ridicule the *précieuses* in their master's clothes, nearly as much for their own amusement as to serve their master's grudge. Ruy Blas, the valet to Don Salluste de Bazan, is taken in his master's artful trap; Don Salluste is deprived of power at the instigation of the Queen of Spain; and being of a malignant and revengeful temper, resolves to substitute his servant Ruy Blas for a cousin—Don César de Bazan—of whom he has just got rid by sending him to be sold to pirates. Ruy Blas, the menial, thus made the central figure of the play, has the dress, but not the heart of his office; a Bohemian, and a dreamer, he has assumed a livery in a moment of want. His master thinks him clever enough to

¹ He has since been admitted to the Académie.

make a decent figure in the new social sphere, where he will use him as the instrument of his vengeance. He artfully persuades him to try a rich court costume, and as the courtiers enter the room, and before Ruy Blas is aware of his situation, he presents him as his long-lost cousin, Don César. Shortly after the queen passes before the door, and as Ruy Blas, flurried and bewildered, asks, "Et que m'ordonnez vous, seigneur?" Don Salluste raises his finger towards the queen and answers:

"De plaire à cette femme, et d'être son amant."

In the third act we find Ruy Blas, high in favour, prime minister, and the first nobleman of the court. He wishes he could frustrate his master's purpose, but the latter is too profound a villain not to have foreseen everything. The false César de Bazan has come to be looked upon by the queen with a not indifferent eye. Don Salluste at length draws her and his former valet into a situation whence the queen can only emerge dishonoured in the eyes of the world. Unhappily for the vindictive Spaniard, Ruy Blas's character has been misjudged, for he reveals his identity, and saves the reputation of the queen by killing Don Salluste; after which he puts an end to his own life. This plot will appear devoid of charm and somewhat improbable; otherwise "Ruy Blas" would have been M. Victor Hugo's masterpiece.

It was virtually his last play. "Les Burgraves," given at the Comédie Française, was of inferior quality, and failed, after evoking a score of parodies, as in France does almost every piece signed with a famed name. Ever since—that is since twenty-five years—M. Victor Hugo has given up writing for the stage, and has even withheld a drama, "Les Jumeaux," which it is to be hoped will some day be given. His retirement is due, he states, to his repugnance to give his thoughts as a prey to a public so often systematically hostile. The reason is a poor one, inasmuch as the merits of the dramas which once encountered oppo-

sition have by this time received full justice; and, moreover, an innovator of Victor Hugo's stamp has scarcely the right to be either surprised or disgusted at the severity of the battle he has to fight. It is more likely that the poet felt he could express himself with greater freedom and brilliancy in other forms of art. In such a matter he is the best judge; and although his retirement from dramatic literature may be regretted, it cannot be blamed. Whether Victor Hugo returns or not to his *premières amours*, his contributions to the drama are memorable, and take rank among the masterpieces of French literature. He deserves well for having sounded a key-note in his country, and freed the stage from mannerism and conventionality. Liberty, it is true, has since been but too frequently turned into licentiousness, under the ever-increasing tendency towards realism observable in the drama; but it is very seldom that justice does not sooner or later condemn works false in idea and baneful in influence. Sooner or later, although public taste may be temporarily debased or misled, good works are estimated at their just value, while those written rather to flatter than to teach, fall into the stillness of oblivion. So have thought all great dramatists worthy of that name.

Wycherly's degrading immoralities are judged according to their value; it will be the same with the so-called Opera Bouffe of these days; but M. Victor Hugo's drama will doubtless remain in its integrity; and whatever faults, in an æsthetic point of view, can be found with it, few will be prepared to show anything better in the modern theatre of France.

Since this was written, M. Victor Hugo has been again at work with that extraordinary exuberance of animal spirits which makes inaction abhorrent to him, and which not even old age can daunt or quell. His readers know to what subjects he has devoted his attention since discarding the dramatic form; and his romances, with their lengthy

developments, their analyses of passions of heart and head, their tumultuous and conflicting emotions, may have shown that he was judicious in preferring a *forté* metre adapted to his genius than that of the theatre, with its exigencies as to effect and limit. We are not conscious of uttering a doubtful truth when we say that the preferences of the theatrical public of to-day do not permit stage writing to assume the proportions Shakespeare gave to his plays. One token of this is that Mr. Willis's plays draw more than Shakespeare's; and English and French tastes are pretty well on the same level in this respect. Victor Hugo was doubtless conscious of the fact when he eschewed the stage form for that of romance. No play could have contained the elements of "*Les Misérables*," much less could the stage have admitted of the epic proportions of "*Quatre-vingt-treize*," the new romance in which the poet has undertaken to tell the fearful tale of the French Revolution. Still the principles upon which Victor Hugo acts in his treatment of romance do but slightly vary from the sentiments which guided him of yore. He has merely enlarged his scope. To extol high and noble feelings, to create superb characters embodying the finest human aspira-

tions, to teach, elevate, and improve, was then the object to which he devoted the full range of his intellectual gifts. And so it is now. But after delighting in archaic visions of courts, vicious kings, unhappy queens, distorted buffoons, and cynical courtiers, he has turned his eyes to the drama of modern life, and justly judges that the compass of the drama was inadequate to his new series, and that his personages required a broader expanse for their actions than the necessities of the stage could afford. It is not within our province to examine and analyse "*Quatre-vingt-treize*;" opinions may differ as to its political bias, although all will join in saying that for a man of Victor Hugo's advanced opinions the scale between the two relentless parties which struggled for supremacy in 1793 is fairly and evenly balanced; but there will be no difference of opinion as to its purely artistic superiority. The manner in which the plot is woven, the *crescendo* which is so admirably sustained from the first to the last page of the story, the tremendous dramatic power constantly revealed, show Victor Hugo to have been well advised when he preferred the romantic scope as more befitting the nature of his recent utterances.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVII.

If the day had been Ellen's, the evening was Lesbia's.

When she came down stairs into the Castle Daly drawing-room, dressed for late dinner, with a string of seed pearls round her neck, which Bride had taken from the old cedar-wood jewelcase that had not previously been open since their mother's death, and presented to her in acknowledgment of her present right to wear jewels, Lesbia felt not only that she was tasting for the first time the sweets of her heiress-ship, but that she was claiming the more subtle rights of grown-up young lady and beauty-hood which, under the pressure of Aunt Joseph's judicious snubbing, she had hitherto only ventured to take to herself by stealth, and at long intervals.

She did not look vain or self-conscious, or even excited. She was only radiant with the wholesome youthful radiance that comes of eyes shining with happiness, and white teeth gleaming through red lips parted in perpetual smiles.

Mrs. Daly, who had never hitherto bestowed much attention on the friend Ellen and Connor had picked up without introduction, looked at Lesbia Maynard now with surprised approval, and secretly wondered why her own daughter Ellen, who was not less well endowed with natural advantages, had never yet been able to assume the dainty, complete, well-appointed young lady look that seemed to have come in a moment to little Babette.

The Thornleys had brought habits of order and home comfort into the Castle Daly household that were very pleas-

ing to Mrs. Daly, and filled her with envy for Bride's powers of government.

After dinner, at Bride's suggestion, they all adjourned to the library instead of to the large, scantily-furnished drawing-room, where it seemed impossible for a small party to converse or follow any occupations comfortably. A bright wood and turf fire burned on the hearth, and a leaf of one of the long windows was open, letting in the soft moonlight and the scent of garden flowers. The old grand piano on which Ellen used to play jigs and national airs out of time and tune to the torture of her mother's ears, had been brought from the drawing-room to the warmer library, and much improved by Bride's care and tuning. She sat down and played a long sonata tastefully and well, while the young people congregated by the open window talking and laughing. From her comfortable chair by the fireside Mrs. Daly noticed all the little improvements and niceties of arrangement that Bride had introduced into the room during her three years' occupancy of it. Ah! she thought to herself, she has been able to carry out her plans. She has contrived to train the servants under her to a degree of neatness and carefulness that I could never persuade them to practise for me. It is because she has had proper support and sympathy from the man at the head of the house. The people under her have not felt as my servants did, that the sympathy of the master was on their side, and that he thought my particularity as tiresome as they did. I could have managed to organize an orderly house, such as I could have lived happily in, if I had been alone, or if Dermot had been different from what he is. It has been very hard

on me. I should actually have done better if I had been alone. My husband has been no support to me.

This was a very ordinary train of thought with Mrs. Daly. She had spent a good many painful half-hours in her life, turning and turning similar thoughts over in her mind. They came and went; accustomed guests looking into her mind with everyday faces of gentle discontent, and going away again leaving no remorse behind. This one was welcomed and entertained as usual. She did not know what a terrible power of pain it was endued with, or that during the few quiet minutes while she communed with it, it was piercing her memory with a sting, whose wound was never again to cease to ache.

When the crash with which Miss Thornley's musical study came to an end died away in the room, the conversation in the window grew audible enough to arrest Mrs. Daly's attention and break the train of her thoughts. It was Ellen's voice a little raised and eager that made itself heard first.

"But that is just what I hate," she was saying. "Sound reasoning is sure to be on the wrong side always. I just hate it."

"Thank you," Mr. Thornley, answered, quickly. "You have quite satisfied me; there is an end of our discussion. You acknowledge that sound reason is on my side. Call it the wrong side after that as much as you please."

"No, no; you won't understand. I did not say reason. I said reasoning. I meant that the reasons that can be put into words are nearly always wrong. The right side has so much above, behind, all round, that cannot possibly be said."

"Is not that a little too ingenious a way of claiming to be always right in an argument, where appearances are against you?" said Mr. Thornley, smiling.

"It is what I shall always think."

"An encouraging prospect for me in future arguments; or is it a warning to keep out of them?"

"Oh, no! I like arguments, only remember if you ever really mean to

convince me on any point, you must be unreasonable. Then, I shall perhaps think that there may be something worth listening to in what you are saying."

Mrs. Daly noticed a look of amusement, slightly contemptuous amusement she thought, on Bride Thornley's face, now turned from the piano, and she hastened to put an end to her daughter's exposure of herself by summoning her to accompany her up stairs, and help her to get to bed.

It was growing late when Ellen left her mother's room, for Mrs. Daly was troubled with many nervous fears that were increased by her husband's absence, and Ellen had to make earnest promises of careful supervision as to the putting out of fires and locking of doors, before her mother could be persuaded to compose herself to rest.

The other members of the household had, however, not yet retired to their rooms. Ellen heard sounds from the library as she descended the stairs. Bride was again at the piano, and Lesbia and Pelham (the only musical member of the Daly family) were singing a German watch-song together. She would have to wait a few minutes longer, she found, before she could set out on her promised round of inspection through the house. She thought she would slip out into the garden, and look at the mountains, and breathe the fresh night air, till the song was ended, so throwing a cloak round her head, she ran down the front door steps on to the terrace. The moon was sinking in the west, but the night was not dark. Thousands of fiery lamps glowed overhead, and the lake shimmered a steely sheet of brightness, dotted with reflected points of light. There was a night thrush singing in the bushes near the gate. Ellen stood still for a minute or two to catch the faint warble mingled with the last notes of Lesbia's song "Good night, All's Well, Good night"—the two voices joined in giving the refrain, distinct and sweet, and then ceased. She was turning to go in.

"Miss Eileen, whist! For the love of God and His blessed mother I want

a word wid you. One that's dying there without wants a word wid you for the love of God." These words in a low hoarse whisper fell on Ellen's ear, and at the same moment a hand was laid on her shoulder from behind. She did not start or scream, for the cracked voice and trembling touch of the hand were familiar of old, and she was not surprised on turning round to find old Molly Malachy standing before her, shivering, shaking, and mumbling with some unusual emotion apparently, but looking a very natural object to be there.

"To-night, Molly?" Ellen exclaimed. "Do you want me to go down to the village to-night? Who is dying? Might not my visit wait till early in the morning? You shall go with me to the house now, and get anything that may be wanted."

"It's you that's wanted, Miss Eileen—a word wid you. Shure his reverence has been sent for, and is on his way, and there's not a minute to lose; and oh, Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, sore will be yer heart, every day that ye live after, if ye don't do as I bid ye this miserable evening that's come to us all."

"Let me call Connor."

"It's yerself that's wanted, and nobody else, and there's not a minute to lose. For the love of God, come wid me now, avourneen macree."

The old woman had seized Ellen's arm by this time, and was dragging her towards the gate more rapidly than Ellen could have supposed such trembling limbs would have had power to move.

She trembled and shivered herself, but it was at the thought of being taken all at once from the gay talk and everyday occupations of the evening into the awful presence of death. She had not the remotest thought of danger or distress to herself; and she was not very much surprised, as she had often seen Anne O'Flaherty hurried away with similar persistence, to receive some death-bed confidence or have some last request urged upon her. She had very little doubt that it was some favour or promise of protection from her father that was sought to be extorted from her

by dying lips; and though compliance was painful, she had not the heart to refuse even as startling a request as this on the second evening of her return.

"Is it far, Molly? Is it quite at the other end of the village?" she whispered anxiously, when they had passed the gate and the first group of cottages on the roadside, and were approaching a more solitary spot, where a by-lane leading down hill towards a tract of bog land opened from the village street. In the shadow of a wall a little distance down this lane stood an empty car, with a man wrapped in a loose frieze coat leaning against the horse, his face hidden on his arms. Molly dropped Ellen's hand and ran towards the car, exchanged a word with the man, and then began vehemently signing to Ellen to follow her. Ellen hesitated an instant between fear and kindness, and then turned down into the darkness, a little perplexed and annoyed with Molly for this apparently unnecessary delay, but not seriously alarmed yet. A minute more, and a sickening pang of fear, taking away all power of resistance, came. The cloak she wore was suddenly drawn over her face by a hand she did not see, and she felt herself lifted up from the ground in a strong grasp and pushed on to the car, to the seat of which other hands held her firmly, while the car set off down the steep road at a rapid pace. By the time she had recovered herself so far as to be able to drag the cloak from over her mouth and call for help, they had left the cabins some yards behind, and were plunging into the wild bog-land that lay to the west of the castle. Her cries were stopped by a hand laid on her lips, and old Molly's cracked voice pierced the ringing in her ears.

"Whisht, Miss Eileen, whisht, or we'll have to put you down, and the last words that he's longing to speak to you will never be said. It's our bare lives we're risking, avourneen, to save ye the worst part of the heart-break that has to come upon you; and shure ye'll not hinder what we're willing to do for *him* for want of courage. Darling

lady, is not yer heart warm enough wid love for your father to keep out the could fear?"

"My father!" cried Ellen; "O Molly, no no; nothing can ail him; no one will have hurt him. You would not dare to touch me if they had, and you knew it."

"We're risking our lives for him and you this minute. Whisht, then, it's an accident that's come to him, and the poor boys ran and called me whin they saw how it was, and I'm doing the best I can for him, the best they'll let me who have the power to hinder. And ye'll not be alone, avourneen; I'll stay wid ye, and his reverence will be there before daylight, for one's gone to warn him, braving all the danger that will follow. Bad luck to it all! for if he'd come that was expected, neither priest nor friend would have been needed."

"I don't understand, I don't understand," gasped Ellen. "Did you say papa wanted me, and that he was hurt? Why do we go so slowly? Why do you hold me? Let me get out and run."

"It's flying at the top of speed we are, darling; don't you hear the boy chirping his horse wid all the voice that is not choked wid sorrow. There, lean against me, and cry yer heart out, and then ye'll be ready to sit out the hours wid a still face and help him."

Ellen had wept away the first blind-rush of tears, and the feverish agony of impatience to be doing something and to know the worst had returned before the car stopped; then Molly again drew the cloak forcibly over her face, while the man who was driving jumped down from his seat, threw the reins on his horse's neck, and lifting her from her place by Molly, carried her a few paces in his arms. She felt that he strode over some sort of fence, and descended a step or two, there was the click of a latch, and she was placed on her feet within a door that had been pushed open far enough to admit her. The man had disappeared before she had thrown the cloak from her face, but she had no thought or observation to give

to him. Outside there had been the faint light of a clear, moonless night, and the same glimmer of stars shone on the spot where she stood, for though it was inclosed between four walls, the roof was gone; but there was other light here as well as that of the stars. A lantern placed on a projection in the stone wall cast a broad streak of light along the mud floor, and, lying in the light, Ellen saw, and saw nothing else but her father's figure stretched out; the white face, raised a little by a heap of rags that had been thrust under the head, looked ghastly, and would have been death-like but for the frown of intense pain that contracted the brows. She could not restrain a bitter cry of agony as she threw herself by his side.

"Oh, papa, papa, what is it? Can't you look at me? can't you speak to me?"

The frown of pain relaxed, the eyes opened and were raised to her face with the old look of love, and there was a movement of the lips as if to speak; but, to Ellen's despair, instead of words a thin stream of blood oozed from them and choked utterance.

"Whisht, thin, avourneen, whisht," whispered Molly, who now appeared out of the darkness close to Ellen's side; "don't make him spake a word yet, it's but a few that there's left for him to spake; let him keep the bit of breath that's in him to save his soul whin his reverence comes. There, sit down on the ground, and take his head in your lap. See, he likes that; the breath comes aisier now you have his head up. He's smiling on you, his own sweet smile, sweeter than May flowers."

"A doctor," gasped Ellen. "Oh, Molly, leave me to sit with him alone; I can; and bring a doctor and help. Why did not you think of that first?"

"Would you put the body, that must any way be stiff and could by morning, before the soul, that has got to live in heaven or hell for ever?" cried Molly, indignantly. "Shure, for what he has done for me and mine, on my bended knees I begged his soul of them that were in sore dismay at the misfortune that had hap-

pened, but had their own lives to think of; and I got leave to bring a priest here if he was alive in the early morning, and I brought you of my own will, but it was all I dare do."

"Mamma and Connor——"

"Whist! whist! look what you have done," said Molly, pointing to the pale face, over which a quiver of pain passed at Ellen's words; "I brought you to whisper holy words into his ear, and help him to die aisy. I thought ye'd have the courage and be woman enough to know how, loving him as you do."

"What can I do! oh, what can I do to make him suffer less!"

"Wet his lips wid that," said Molly, putting a small bottle of whisky into her hand, "and maybe he'll open his eyes and smile at you again."

Ellen did as she was directed, and then with her handkerchief wiped the brows, on which the damp of death had already settled, and raised the head till it rested on her shoulder. The power of swallowing was gone, but the moisture to the lips seemed to bring refreshment, and Ellen repeated the operation again and again, finding some relief for her own extreme anguish of mind in having this little service to perform. She wore a small ivory cross on her neck that night, which Cousin Anne had given her on a long-passed birthday: in stooping to wet her father's lips the ribbon that fastened it became loose, and it slipped down close to his hand; his fingers closed feebly over it, and he smiled. It was more than a smile, he was murmuring some words low. Ellen put her ear close to catch them. "Dying for another, instead of another—it is well. Something worthy at the end of a careless life. In one thing—only in one thing, like Him." Here breath failed, and there was a few minutes of very painful gasping; but he had seen that Ellen was listening, and he made a great effort to go on; and now with more connection in his words. "Remember I die forgiving. Tell Pelham and Connor so. It was not meant for me, but I deserve it. King Log—Well, out of the way. Tell John

Thornley I am glad I did not let him come here to-night. It was my place, not his." The sentences came out slowly, with long pauses between, but Ellen thought the voice grew stronger instead of weaker, and that a look of more perfect consciousness and an expression of peace grew into the face. "If you should ever see him anywhere—it is not likely, but if you should—tell him I forgave him my death. It was through my neglect he was tempted; and that I was glad it was not as he intended—it would have been a greater crime."

"Him! do you mean the man who did this?" said Ellen, shuddering inexpressibly—"you know who?"

There was no answer, only a smile; something like one of the old playful smiles that used to come when Ellen tried to coax some piece of news from her father, and he pretended to be unwilling to trust her. Then, after a long pause—

"Your mother will be happier with Pelham. Love is not always enough—but I'll be missed too."

In these alternate pauses and gasps of speech and of intense listening, an hour or two of the night passed. Old Molly sank on her knees in a corner of the cabin, and began to tell her beads rapidly, in a loud voice.

"To keep off the evil spirits that were trying to come in and battle for the soul of the dying," she whispered to Ellen, who would have trembled at the thought at another time, but who had no space in her mind for anything but grief then.

The stars one after another, in their march across the sky, looked through the rafters of the uncovered roof on to the group below. It seemed to Ellen, as her eye, raised now and then, followed their motions, as if she had fallen into some strange relations towards them, and was moving with them in hitherto unknown conditions of time through interminable periods. Millions of years, was it not—had she not read about it somewhere!—that they took to perform

their vast circling round some unknown centre? She had got involved in it somehow, and was living through a millennium of darkness, instead of a common night on which an ordinary day could dawn.

It grew intensely cold; a brisk wind rose, and blew chill and sharp through the hovel.

Molly rose from her knees, wrapped her old cloak round the dying man, and taking his feet into her lap, began to chafe his lower limbs.

"It's only his feet that are stone cold yet," she said; "and the dawn is breaking, and wid the dawn the help they promised will come—the best of help—his reverence and the blessed sacrament. Avourneen, we have saved his soul betwixt us, you and I, to-night, keeping him alive for that; and once the sun has fairly risen I'm free of my oath, and can bring who you will. He's muttering to himself now, and does not heed us, but there's life in him yet, and he'll come to himself again before he dies. A strong, well-made man, like his honour, takes a long time to die, even when he's got a bullet inside him; bad luck to the blundering hand that put it there."

Gradually the stars paled in the sky, the shadows in the far corners of the cabin dispersed, and daylight crept in. Mr. Daly seemed to be sinking into a heavy sleep, and Ellen began to urge Molly to set out to the Castle to bring help—declaring her ability to continue the solemn watch alone—when the long-listened-for sound of steps, and of a voice calling out to know if the shieling was inhabited, came at last. It seemed to bring Ellen back into the actual world, and break the numbing spell of horror and bewilderment that had held her all night; but with returning capacity for thought and comprehension of what had happened came still worse pain. It was not a vision or a nightmare; she was not dead among the stars; she was herself, and her murdered father lay in her arms dying. A great burst of tears came and saved her reason, and as the warm drops fell

heavy on his forehead, Mr. Daly's eyes opened again, and consciousness and a look of eager welcome and relief dawned into them as they fell upon the priest whom Molly was now bringing in through the cabin door.

Ellen knew the priest's face, though he came from a distant village among the Joice mountains, for she had met him from time to time at Anne O'Flaherty's house, and she took his hand, and through her tears and sobs got out a few words of explanation. He told her that he had been roused at two o'clock in the morning, by a lad bringing a request that he would go to the solitary cabin, near the bog behind Castle Daly, to administer extreme unction to a person who lay dying there, and that he had come at once expecting to find some wandering beggar who had fallen ill, while sheltering temporarily in the deserted house. Mr. Daly's eyes grew impatient, even while these few sentences were exchanged. There was no time to lose, and the priest only waited to despatch the boy, who had accompanied him to the nearest place from which a doctor could be brought, and Molly to the Castle, and then the last service began; Ellen still supporting her father's head on her shoulder, and trying hard not to let her sobs shake her so as to make it an uneasy resting-place. For a little while, the holy rite seemed to lift her above the power of sorrow, as if she, too, stood on the verge, and was entering on conditions of communion which could not be disturbed by absence of bodily sight and touch. Surely, her soul would pass out too, into the unseen world, brought near by the sacramental presence of the One Lord, in whom all souls live. She could not be left behind now the door was open, but must somehow escape, involved in the parting soul to which every fibre of her heart was bound.

She hoped; but that exaltation had to pass, and the hope soon sank down into a mere dread of the moment when her shoulder would no longer feel the weight of the burden that grew heavier every moment, when the close contact

would be over, and her arms empty. The final pang was further off than seemed probable just then, for Molly was right, and it took a long time for the strong man to die. The hovel became crowded with faces as the morning grew older. The first to arrive were Mr. Thornley and Bride, for Connor had had gone off on a fishing expedition at day-dawn, and Pelham stayed to comfort his mother, whom they had not dared to bring to the scene of the accident, till some more reliable account of Mr. Daly's state had been received than could be extracted from Molly. As soon as it was ascertained that any attempt to move the sufferer would only hasten his end, Bride went back to the Castle to fetch Mrs. Daly, and there was half an hour when Ellen and Mr. Thornley shared the watch alone together. It was the half hour when Mr. Daly was most frequently conscious and able to say a word, and Ellen could not help half grudging that a stranger who could not care, should share the precious looks and faintly-breathed words with her. Yet, she could not deny that the moment of clearest consciousness, the most firmly-spoken words and the very sweetest smile that came were called forth by the pleasure her father seemed to feel when he first perceived that Mr. Thornley was near him. His eyes rested vaguely on his face for a moment or two, not recognizing him; but gradually recollection came, and with it a sudden light illumined all the dying face. A halo of glory Ellen thought it was, and always in memory she saw her father dying with that look of joy in his eyes. He made a sign to John Thornley to come near. Ellen bent down to listen too; she could not afford to lose a word.

"You see it was well I came here last night instead of you."

A quiver of strong emotion passed over John Thornley's face.

"I see it saved my life," he said, in a voice trembling with feeling. "This was meant for me. You are lying here instead of me."

"A very good exchange," said Mr. Daly, smiling. "I never did think myself worth much; you have all your chances before you."

"But if you thought there was danger, why did you come here alone?"

"At least, I was never a coward. I have done a great deal of harm, and neglected my duties, as Anne O'Flaherty has often told me, but at least I am not a coward to let another person bear the consequences."

"You seem to be able to speak with less pain now," John Thornley went on more calmly. "Don't let us lose the precious moments. Have you not any deposition to make, that might lead to the identification of the murderers. So horrible a crime must not, shall not, I promise you, escape detection and punishment."

"Crime never does; the punishment comes over and over again. Seed and fruit,—my own neglects and follies."

The peaceful face had become suddenly troubled, and again the words came out with painful gasps and struggles. Mr. Thornley bent lower to catch any name that might be spoken. "A single word would do," he urged. "If you know anything don't let the knowledge die with you."

The lips moved again, and some words came, but they were not in answer to the question.

"My sons — Pelham — you could help."

"I shall always feel that my life's service is owed to those you leave behind you," John Thornley answered, and he bent down and solemnly touched the dying man's forehead with his lips.

"Don't make him speak again," Ellen cried, almost angrily. "Don't you see that every word hurts. He was suffering less a minute ago. Why did you come near? Why could not you let him lie still with his eyes shut, as he was doing before you came?"

John rose from his knees by Mr. Daly's side, and for answer went and stood behind Ellen and began to pile up some cushions and shawls, which Bride

had brought, into a support for her to lean against as she sat. "You must not grudge me those few words, that one touch," he said, softly. "I will not come near again to disturb him unless he wants me. You are fortunate, you have been here with him all night, while we slept."

Fortunate. The word pleased Ellen; she rewarded it by raising her eyes to the speaker's face, and allowing to herself that it was genuine grief, such as she must admit to her sympathy, that was written there.

New-comers kept appearing at the low door. Mrs. Daly and Pelham, and a little later Connor arrived, accompanied by a doctor. Every moment seemed to add something to the tumult of grief that surged round the dying bed, but which seemed to have less and less power to reach the soul hovering on the confines of peace; only able to turn back now and then and look pityingly through the fast glazing eyes at the pain it was leaving behind.

The last word and look were for Anne O'Flaherty, who reached the cabin half an hour before the end. Mrs. Daly, shaken completely out of her usual composure, and seeming for once to have changed places with Ellen, who had no vehemence of grief that day, had thrown herself on the floor by her husband's side, and was weeping wildly, begging for one more look or word of love. His hand moved feebly, and drew her head close to his own on the pillow, and opening his eyes once more he looked at Anne, who was stooping over him, with a smile of triumph.

"She does love me, you see, Anne; *me* who never satisfied her. She loved me after all."

A few more words were murmured very low to himself a quarter of an hour afterwards. Anne bent low to catch the sounds, and raising her head, repeated the words calmly and gravely to the others.

"Satisfied! When we awake in Thy likeness we shall be satisfied with it."

Then John Thornley came and lifted

the head with gentle force from Ellen's shoulder.

"We can take him home to the Castle now," he said. "It will not hurt him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN a sudden calamity falls upon some members of a group of persons whom circumstances have thrown together, it is curious to see how one or two of the outsiders seem by general consent of the mourners to be taken at once into the fellowship of sorrow, while others, who are conscious perhaps of having within themselves as strong a yearning to offer sympathy and help, are persistently held aloof, and made to feel that they have neither part nor lot in the matter. Is it accident, or has character anything to do with the choice of who shall and who shall not be allowed to offer consolation? Bride Thornley made this observation, and asked this question, rather sorrowfully, of herself two days after Mr. Daly's funeral, as, taking advantage of a short gleam in a very rainy day, she was taking her constitutional walk up and down the terrace before Castle Daly.

Never in all her life had she felt so utterly lonely and left out as during the painful week she was looking back upon. And this as the result of her sister's return home and of John's having attained one of the wishes which he and she had put before themselves as a possibility to be worked towards ten years back. Is there any use in wishing, since the longed-for good always comes wearing such a different face from the one it has shown in the distance that one hardly recognizes it? Bride caught herself up sternly when the thankless sentence had distinctly formed itself in her mind. What was wrong with her? Had she grown mean and base all at once, to let a little sting of personal pain overpower her sympathy with the grief she saw around her? Ah! Here was the answer to her puzzle. No wonder the mourners had held aloof from her when, side by side with real concern for their sufferings, lay the

half-formed grudge she was conscious of against John and little Lesbia, for that complete pre-occupation in the troubles of their friends, which made a word or look from them hard to obtain in these days.

Yes, it was base. What did a week's loneliness signify? Why could she not put herself completely out of count—the plain, stiff, unlovable self that just in this mood there was so much pleasure in abusing,—and be glad because John for once had had occasion to show the rare unselfishness and tenderness of his character to others besides herself; and because little Babette had won him through her sympathy in the general trouble to adopt her as a real companion, in spite of her childishness? It was certainly very base not to be glad of that? Why should not John have two close friends in his sisters instead of one? Why not indeed?

A gust of rainy wind blew in Bride's face as she walked. She drew her cloak close round and marched quickly on, trampling on herself in imagination, and treading down rebellious thoughts vigorously at every step. The front door opened, and two other figures appeared on the scene to share Bride's pacing place. Sir Charles Pelham, his rosy face composed into a mask of gravity that had yet something important and business-like in the look of it; and, leaning feebly on his arm, Ellen Daly. She had been very ill since the night of her father's death, quite confined to her bed; but there had been much anxious discussion that day during luncheon, in which Sir Charles Pelham, his son Marmaduke, Lesbia, and John had 'all eagerly joined, as to whether it would be possible to coax her out of doors that afternoon—a long, over-eager discussion Bride had called it within herself at the time, and now, (having had that impatient feeling in her heart), she somehow did not feel just in the mood to encounter a full look into Ellen's saddened face. She turned aside to let the pair pass her on the walk, and looked back towards the house.

Well, there was no lack of anxious eyes to watch the progress of that invalid promenade, if she abstained from looking. The front door had been left ajar, and in the opening stood Marmaduke Pelham, gazing intently after his father and cousin, as if he were counting every one of their slow steps. Bride understood the wistful, yearning look that lent something of pathos to the young man's heavy healthy countenance.

"He hoped she would choose his arm for her support during that first walk," Bride said to herself. "Poor fellow! he is very dull; but he knows what it is to be overlooked, I see. I should like to shake hands with him; but why does he draw in suddenly and shut the door with a bang? Ah! I comprehend—he sees and hears as I do, the library window opening cautiously, and John putting out his head to look towards the end of the terrace too. What does he expect to happen to those two that he should watch them like that? Surely one old uncle is competent to take care of a girl walking before her own house; let her have lost her father in ever so shocking a way a week before; two other people are not needed to watch her as well."

If Ellen Daly's sad face was a jar on Bride Thornley's mood, John's anxious one was a yet greater provocation. She could not bear it. She turned abruptly at the end of the house, scrambled up hill, over soaked turf and flower-border, till she reached the high turf terrace at the top of the sloping garden. There, at all events, she should be alone; and yes, for once, just for once, the grudging, self-pitying thoughts should have their turn, and get themselves expressed—so perhaps she should best see how ugly they were, and discover a spell to lay them for ever at rest.

Of course all pity was due to Mrs. Daly and Ellen; they were the sufferers—and yet—and yet—there are so many sorts of loss; it is not only death that takes away one's dearest, and leaves one standing alone. There are other shears besides the shears of the blind Furies that sever lives that

have been closely knit together; and the severing is done so noiselessly, so gently, there must not be a word said—not the least little cry. Surely the losses that can't be complained of are the hardest to bear. No warmth of sympathy comes to put a little fresh life in the numb, frozen heart; it may turn quite to ice for what any one cares. It is so mean to grieve over the loss of the first place in a heart to which one has only the right of having paid away irrevocably all one's own. It was simply what was to be expected; and a middle-aged, plain, unattractive woman, who has been struggling with the world for years, ought to have won reasonable expectations as to her own claims by her struggles, if she has gained nothing else; humility and plain sense at least may be expected of her. It is not even called fortitude, if she stands still with a smiling face, while one by one of those to whom she has given all her love and her life-work, gradually take themselves away, to stand a little and a little further off from her, till the space is too great for any warmth of love to pass between.

Yet surely people might know that it is not so much less hard to see those you love best shut themselves away in a new sphere of interest, and a kind of love to which you are strange, than to see the golden gate of heaven close behind them. The door is shut all the same; and it does not do you much good to be near enough to hear and see the sound of the festival songs and the light of the lamps streaming through, while you are standing outside. Tears of self-pity welled up into Bride's eyes as the thoughts to which she had so long refused to listen clothed themselves in pathetic words, and one trickled down, at last, the length of her cheek. She had to stand still to wipe it away, and, with the action, a sense of absurdity stole in and shattered the sentimental mood.

The wet cheek wrinkled up into a smile. To cry about herself, plain, middle-aged Bride Thornley, prosperous now, healthy, content, whose life, rightly

looked at, had not a rag of pathos to hang round it;—she could have beaten herself for being so absurd. So much for taking a constitutional walk alone, when one has been overwrought, and when there is an atmosphere of infectious emotion pervading the neighbourhood! She would go in and sew a white tucker into Lesbia's new black dress, and put jet studs into John's shirt, ready for evening. When she had done working for those two, no doubt some other work would open up, and with work of any kind, say it was scrubbing floors or hemming dusters, self-pitying moods might be defied.

At the end of the terrace, however, she paused again. She found she was not ready for the house just yet. It was all very well to reason so, but work was not enough. The most congenial work in the world might become husks such as the swine eat, if offered to the heart as a substitute for what the heart craved. It was mind-food, not heart-food, after all. Bride's heart had been stirred and swayed from its usual poise of calm content, and it needed something more potent than ordinary common-sense lessons to still its yearnings.

In spite of wet feet and soaked skirts she stood quite still on the verge of the turf walk, with her face towards the western mountains, unable to make up her mind to descend the slope. There had come a lull in the wind and the rain; a strong gust had lately shaken the trees of the little wood on the north of the Castle, and they were now swaying themselves to rest again, with crisp, pattering sounds of trembling leaves and groaning of branches—a great cloud, like a dusky, wide-winged bird, was moving rapidly across the sky, leaving the mountain-tops from which it had lately risen clear against a horizon where the crimson of sunset glowed through a dim opal cloud-veil. These sights and sounds had a powerful effect on Bride, who, in spite of her pretensions to be prosaic, had an open eye and ear for the mystic appeals of nature.

As she gazed, she felt as if from the glowing west strong arms had been

stretched out, that folded her round and held her to a great heart, whose deep beatings rocked hers to a wonderful peace; and, borne in on her mind as powerfully as if the sobbing wind in her ear had whispered the words, came the sacred appeal that had often touched her before, but never so closely, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "I am chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,"—in the wind, but not the wind—in the sunset glow,—in the murmuring of waters,—but above, beneath, within, nearer and closer than these—He was there, the still, small voice, claiming her heart. And she had been pitying herself, instead of blaming herself, because her heart felt empty, while He stood without. She had been measuring love, so much for so much, and forgetting that there was infinite love offered to her love that could never fail or change. Again tears, but not of self-pity this time, welled up into Bride's eyes, and she turned round and once more paced the turf-walk slowly. She would not cheat herself; unpaid service was not good for any one, nor unrequited love; and work for work's sake was poor husky nourishment for a living, craving soul; but then, that was not all that was left for those to whom the closest human love was denied.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

She was ready for the house now, she believed, and for any news that had to come.

By the time she reached the terrace steps, she spied John coming from the house to meet her, and she knew perfectly well how it was that the word *news* had come into her mind. There had been a vague notion hanging over her all day, that some tidings were in store for her, and now the purpose of opening out some important communication was so plainly written in John's face, that she read it a yard off. Well, she was ready, only she thought she would put off the evil day for half an hour or so if she could.

"I am going into the house now," she cried, as John approached. "I

warn you, you will find the turf-walk very wet."

"Can't you stay out a little longer, Bride? I have not been able to exchange a word with you for more than a week."

"Look at my boots."

"Brisk walking will dry them; and you say yourself that nothing ever gives you cold."

"I don't think I meant to include wet boots; but I see you are of Connor Daly's opinion, that I am as hard as nails."

"What business had he to say so? But, Bride, go in and change your boots, if you like. I can wait; and I want very much to have some talk with you."

"And I am ready for a talk, wet or dry, only I won't go back to the turf-walk for anyone."

"Let us come out on to the road, then, through the kitchen garden; it is dry enough there."

"Why through the kitchen garden?"

"Miss Daly and Sir Charles Pelham are still on the front terrace, and I should not like to disturb them."

"And that other pair in the flower-garden—are we not to disturb them? Do you see John, Babette, and Connor Daly? I wonder how long they have been together down there looking for violets. Long enough, I have no doubt, to make it only prudent for me to go and act chaperone."

"No, no; Babette has only just left the house. She and I have been together the whole afternoon. Come with me; you need not interfere. I should think we might trust even Connor Daly not to begin talking nonsense to Babette the day after his father's funeral."

"But it is not the day after Babette's father's funeral, and I am not sure that I can trust her not to talk nonsense to him on such an interesting occasion as a first walk after a week of gloom. No, don't start. I am not saying any harm of her; but can't you see that she is just one of those girls who never forget, or let other people forget, that they are

girls, and in the very nature of things require nonsense to be talked to or by them?"

"I think you underrate Lesbia. It strikes me that she has shown remarkable good sense and feeling during this last trying week; and this afternoon she came to me of her own accord, and consulted me about a plan for the future she has thought out with considerable clearness and prudence, as it seems to me."

"Oh, she came to you about it! It is her plan you have been discussing together?"

"Of course; you don't suppose that if I made a plan I should go and talk it over with little Babette before I mentioned it to you. Why, Bride, I thought you were miles above suspicion, and would never imagine such a thing as that I could put you aside, such old partners as we are, you and I."

"Well, well; whatever I may have been thinking, don't stand still and stare at me in the middle of this swamp. One look such as that is punishment enough for all my sins. Let us move on towards the road; and tell me this wonderfully clever plan of Lesbia's."

"Remember that you have a veto on it, and that if you seriously object we both submit at once."

"Honestly."

"Speaking for myself, I should be sorry to give up the scheme now that it has been suggested to me, and I see through it a way opened of fulfilling an obligation that weighs on me; but your wishes come first; new obligations don't unloose old ones. We have fought a hard battle together, you and I, Bride; and not for the world, not for any new duty in the world, would I even seem to throw you over, or detach myself from you, now we are beginning to win it."

"John, you force me to be magnanimous. Here and now I yield for ever an old point of dispute. I solemnly acknowledge that men are juster than women; and that they can, the good ones, even under the impulse of a new

feeling, see how things look to those who don't share their infatuation."

"But, Bride, I said nothing about a new feeling. I spoke of a new duty that quite against my will has been thrust upon me."

"Oh, yes, I heard; but now the plan. Let me hear the plan, and when my mind is set at rest about that, we will, if there is time before dressing for dinner, take out our microscopes and our scalpels and dissect our motives scientifically."

"Well, you are aware that Mr. Daly's will was read yesterday morning, and that all the afternoon and evening Sir Charles Pelham—who is Mrs. Daly's trustee—and the sons and I were hard at work examining papers and discussing possibilities. It was a disheartening task enough, for the affairs are even in worse confusion than might have been expected; and when I went to bed last night I could not see that there was anything left for the family but separation, and dependence on the generosity of their relations, for a time at least. We have gone through such another crisis, Bride, and know what it means."

"Yes, yes; and I am sure I feel very much for them all; but I don't believe they can be nearly as badly off as we were when we were turned out of Abbots Thornley. The sons are both grown up and educated in a way, and surely Mrs. Daly had some fortune settled on her?"

"A very small sum. You are right to say that the sons are educated in a way. Just enough to make it impossible for them to begin afresh and turn to anything useful."

"It is very sad, and, as you say, we have gone through it all ourselves; but, John, don't think me hard-hearted if I remind you that you have often said you believed we came through as well as we did because from the first no illusive offers of help were held out to us by anyone, and we knew at once all we had to face, and that our dependence must be on ourselves and each other."

"We two have come through the trial, but not all of us who went in;

there were shipwrecks, you know, on that sea."

"Oh, John, don't; it's like touching a wound."

"I know, and I am very sorry. Only if we are to understand each other I must show you all that is in my mind."

"Go on; I don't have to find out now that your heart is really softer than mine. Can't I have the plan without any more preamble?"

"It is just this—Lesbia's idea, mind you, not mine. She tells me that she has taken a very great liking to this house and neighbourhood."

"Where your life has been twice attempted. She has not lived a winter here."

"The winters are pleasant and open enough, and Lesbia professes a great love for fine scenery."

"Or fine compliments, *à la* Connor Daly. I wonder which the child means?"

"She says scenery, at all events. Let me get on with my story. She has asked me, since she must have some settled home of her own now, to rent this place of the Dalys. It is perfectly clear that they can't go on living here; but there is another house on the estate—a small place up among the hills—which Mrs. Daly and her daughter seem to wish to occupy; and if we took the Castle off their hands, they could all live there together in tolerable comfort. Connor would be able to finish his college course in Dublin, and read for the bar, as he wishes; and the eldest son, who seems a sensible fellow, might take the management of the estate into his own hands. His uncle hinted that he should not object to advance a little money to keep things together if I were willing to remain on the spot a few months longer, and superintend till Pelham gained experience. Under this arrangement the debts might be paid off gradually, and affairs worked into order. What do you say?"

"I say it is an excellent plan for the Dalys."

"And for ourselves."

"Oh! John, can you really mean it? To sink down into a land-agent again.

To give up the editorship of that "New Quarterly," and the literary career we have looked forward to so long."

"I should not give up the editorship.

I am not so Quixotic as to throw away seven or eight hundred a year for a whim, I assure you. Most of the work could be as well done here as in London, and I could run up to town every two months or so. Lesbia will want to be there, I suppose, for part of the spring. It would all fit in very well."

"But why should you work yourself to death for people who a little while ago treated you as only rather better than an upper servant, and who, as far as I can see, are nothing to us?"

"Bride, I think I can make you see further. Have you never thought of it? No, for you did not know how obstinately set I was on keeping my appointment with Dennis Malachy that night, and how steadily resolved Mr. Daly was to go in my stead. It was to his death he went; and you know that shot from behind the wall was meant for me. Can I help feeling that some of the cares and responsibilities of the man who died in my place have fallen on me?"

"I don't know, I am sure—it was not his intention to die."

"I am not a man to take a sentimental view of obligation; but it is impossible to live through such a night as that of Mr. Daly's death without being changed by it. There was a look on his face when he fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'You see it was well I had my way about coming here,' that I shall carry in my memory to my dying day, and after. He meant quite simply, that it was *well* he should be murdered instead of me. I believe the thought made death sweet to him. I used to look upon him as a sort of fool and now——"

John did not finish his sentence, a quiver in his voice warned him to stop. The road began to be steep here. Bride slipped her hand under his arm, and they climbed on a few minutes in silence. She felt as if a prison wall were closing round her. To live on here, with the Dalys for nearest neighbours,

seeing John and Lesbia gradually getting absorbed into their lives, hearing about them continually, breathing the atmosphere of devout preoccupation with their interests, that had roused her jealousy this last week. No prospect could possibly have promised her more temptation or pain, or been more completely distasteful. She would have to acquiesce in it, she knew, but she could not help making one more faint struggle before she gave in.

"Granting that this plan is right for you and me, John," she said, "is it well for Lesbia to be indulged in her wish to remain here? When you first heard of her heiress-ship, you said, the one thing you would most anxiously guard against was her being married for her money. How will you answer it to your conscience to put her in the way of intimacy with those two penniless, handsome young Dalys?"

"Lesbia has a great deal more judgment than I gave her credit for at first, and she is very open. She has told me already exactly what she thinks of Connor Daly, and I can see she is in no more danger of falling in love with him than you are. As for the elder lad, the very handsome one, he and she don't get on together at all. They seem hardly to be on speaking terms. I have watched them closely, and I don't think they have exchanged a dozen words this week. No, I shall not have the least uneasiness on that score. I do not see anything difficult there."

"Of course you don't, just because it is the obvious rock in the way, and straight before your blind masculine eyes," thought Bride to herself.

John paused as they turned to go home, and pointed to a particular spot on the road. "It was just there that I saw Mr. Daly last," he said, "he was mounting his horse for that ride. Miss Daly was standing at the gate to watch him ride away. I heard her ask him to walk with her every night of the full moon. We two were the last people to see him before the accident."

"We two" already in his thoughts, and for so long it had seemed a mere matter of course to Bride that no one

but herself could be the second in John's we. The walls were closing round indeed, and her consent to be shut up in them would have to be given in a minute or two.

"You are very silent, Bride," John said as they drew near the house. "I have stated my case, and you have hardly spoken a word; but remember, the decision rests with you. Say that the plan of living here is disagreeable to you, and it shall never be mentioned again. I have told you why I think these people have a claim on me for service, but you come first. Lesbia sees it too. After all you did and were to us in our struggling days, the choice of our home, now that we are free to live where we please, should rest with you."

"To live among people who hate us," Bride said slowly at last.

"Yes, take that into consideration. I want you to weigh all the disadvantages fairly. Yet, I don't think that objection counts for much. We should live the prejudice down, and for my part, I think 'beginning with a little aversion,' answers as well with neighbours as with lovers. One has a pleasant sense of victory and triumph over them when one has won their respect at last.

"John, what makes you so ingenious?"

"Bride, what makes you so silent? Are you reluctant to decide, dear, and had you rather I divined your decision without more words? I think I see. It shall be No to Lesbia's plan, then, and without further allusion to it we will revert to our original scheme of a year's travel before we settle anywhere. We used to talk of seeing Rome together, when it seemed as likely as going to the moon. I will speak to Lesbia."

Bride drew a long breath. If it could be settled so. If she might but stretch out her hand and take the pleasant life, far away from the country that was hateful to her, with John and Lesbia, her own brother, her own little sister, for whose sake she had done some hard work in her time, securely withdrawn from the adverse influence she believed was steal-

ing them away from herself. If she might love her own life, and choose her own good, and let other people carry their proper burdens as she had had to carry hers. Why not? Was there never to be an end; had she not done and suffered a good deal for others already? Was it not time to think of herself?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. I with the crown of thorns, with the wounded hands and feet, the Lord and King of sacrifice. Open, and I will come in and sup with you."

Again, in the whisper of the wind among the trees, the low voice seemed to question with Bride's heart. Yes, it was just that, that *was* the question. He was there waiting for an answer. One could not entertain Him without following Him, or have self-pleasing for a third at that feast. Self, or Him—one ruler or the other—and again and again in one's life the choice has to be made. They were close to the castle now. While John stooped to unlatch the garden gate, Bride took a long look, a long considering look at the building before her. Its straggling front, with the ivy-grown towers and irregularly-shaped doors and windows, the neglected premises behind, the rambling untidy garden: all intensely unhome-like in her eyes, but from that moment her home. She swallowed the bitter potion with a gulp, resolving never to allow herself to find its after-taste bitter.

"John," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, as he held open the gate for her, "you misunderstood me. I was only making up my mind slowly, as you know I do. I have looked at it all round, and if I really have a veto, I decide on staying here. There is a great deal to be said in favour of Lesbia's plan."

"You really think so! My dear Bride, how glad I am."

It was provoking to see how his face brightened. Bride hurried up the walk, and, to escape further conversation, set herself vigorously to work to rub the mud from her boots on the door-mat, as if she could think of nothing further

till she had obliterated all trace of her wet walk from her person.

"It's of no use," she said to herself as she worked away, "I don't come into the house the same person that I went out. I know it's a turning-point, and that I shall never be able to forget this wet walk as long as I live. I have turned to a new leaf in my book of life in it, and I can't put back the page. Whatever the new reading is, I've got from this time to begin to spell it out."

There were other people in Castle Daly that day besides Bride Thornley who always had to look back upon that wet afternoon's walk as one of those turning-points in life—places where two roads meet—which in after hours tempt the thoughts so often to recur to them in vague wonder as to how it would have been with the life if the rejected path had been followed.

Ellen and Sir Charles Pelham entered the house a minute or two after Bride quitted the hall, having also come to the conclusion of a conversation that decided the principal events of several lives. Ellen crept up-stairs wearily, looking very pale and subdued; and Sir Charles's ruddy face, as he turned into the library and stood warming his hands over the fire, wore an unusually thoughtful, puzzled expression. He was busy making up his mind whether he was most annoyed or gratified at the result of a step he had taken on a sudden good-natured impulse, aroused by the pitifully red and swollen state of Ellen's eyelids.

"Well, Marmaduke, my boy," he said to his son, who entered the room in the midst of his musing, "so you've come in; I was just thinking about you, and wishing for a chance of speaking to you alone. I've had it all out with your cousin Ellen. I thought it best, for you know there's nothing so wearing as suspense, and she seemed so down-hearted and miserable, poor girl, I thought it would cheer her to know there was a better prospect before her than she had any right to expect."

"You don't mean to say, father, that you've been talking to Ellen about what I confided to you last night? Why, I've

never said a word of the kind myself to her yet."

"I was paving the way for you, and very grateful you ought to be to me for it, knowing as you do the opinions I hold against cousins marrying, and the little inclination I have to this match; there are not many fathers who would have set about such a piece of business for their eldest sons, I can tell you."

"She listened to what you said? you think I have a chance?"

"Of course she listened to me, and though you may fancy I have not the matter as deeply at heart as yourself, you may rest assured that if she can't be induced to see your offer in the light you could wish, it is not for the want of having had its advantages placed before her. 'My dear,' I said, 'Marmaduke surprised me very much yesterday after the funeral by speaking to me about the affection he says he has long entertained for you,' and then I went on. Of course, I did not pretend that it was precisely the match that your mother and I should have chosen for you, being cousins, and so on, but nothing could be kinder or more encouraging than my manner to her. 'We are all very fond of you, my dear,' I said, 'and we would give you a cordial welcome into the family, and do our best to make you happy, and take good care of you. You know you are not exactly fit to take care of yourself,' I said; 'you are unfortunately like your poor dear father, too full of generous feeling to be able to cope with the world;' and then, to prove my point, I just instanced her imprudence in going out with those people on the night of her father's murder, and her impulsive manner at the inquest, which has set everyone in the neighbourhood talking of her, when she came forward a second time to give evidence in favour of the old hag whom everyone but herself believes to be in league with the murderers, and who is, at all events, doing all she can to shield them from justice now. 'Of course,' I said, 'neither I nor any of my family would think for an instant of accusing you of want of proper feeling. I only speak of these

things to show you how liable you are to be misconstrued when you follow your quick impulses without consulting anyone, and how much better off you will be under the guidance of a sensible, kind-hearted husband, such as Marmaduke will make you, who has known you all your life, and will understand better than anyone else can how to take care of you."

"I am sorry you said all that, father; she will think I am not satisfied with her as she is, and that's not true. She may say and do what she likes for me, there's not an English girl I've ever seen fit to hold a candle to her. I wish you had let me speak for myself."

"It would have been a waste of words. It's no such great privilege to be refused, I should say, that you need look black at me for taking the brunt of your first offer on myself. I'll never take so much trouble again in any of your love affairs, I can tell you, for I've argued and talked in the mist till I've made my throat sore. She has just the same kind of obstinacy that her poor father had. You think she is agreeing with every word you say, and then she turns round and twists it all to prove her own side of the argument. She'll marry some scrambling, out-at-elbows Irishman, who will talk sentiment to her by the yard, and bring her to beggary—that will be her end."

"I shall do my best to prevent it, father."

"You'll be a fool for your pains, then. She does not care a rush for you, and never did, and never will. I've made out so much to-day, at all events, and tell you plainly to settle your mind. Why can't you leave well alone? You told me last night that the chief thing you cared for was to behave handsomely now the family are in trouble, and you have behaved very handsomely, and so have I. It went against the grain, but I did my best to persuade her to have you. I offered her a good husband and a thoroughly comfortable English home; and if she prefers poverty and muddle down here, it's not my fault or yours. It might show you, though, I should think, that she's not the girl to

make you happy, my boy, eh! or to come after your mother at Pelham Court."

"All the same, I wish you had not meddled, father. She'll be on her guard now, and I suppose I shall never have an opportunity of speaking."

"You shall make your next offer yourself, I promise you. I've talked till my throat's sore and done my best, and you don't seem the least grateful or satisfied. I thought you'd have been more reasonable, I must say, Marmaduke. Hark, there's the dinner-bell at last. Well, it's something that another of these dreary days is nearly over."

Mrs. Daly sat at the dinner-table that day for the first time in her widow's weeds. She had been almost beside herself with grief at first, and there had been serious apprehension of brain fever; but in a day or two she recovered her self-command, and seemed by a strong effort of will to shut back her overwhelming pain and despair behind the strong gates of reserve and silence within which she habitually entrenched herself. After that there was little hope of approaching her near enough to comfort her. Her face, always still and grave, hardened into a stony look of endurance that froze words of sympathy on the lips of those who tried to speak them. Her eyes seemed to be always asking the question, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and forbidding any attempt at an answer.

Little Lesbia was struck with a great awe of her when she came to offer the bunch of violets she and Connor had gathered in the garden.

The large beautiful tears that came so readily into Babette's eyes, welled up at the sight of Mrs. Daly's pale worn face under the circular folds of crimped muslin; and as she held out her hand with the violets, her heart swelled with warm generous feeling; for had not she spent the entire afternoon with John in devising schemes to rescue the widow and her children from poverty and dependence, and secure them a home! She experienced a painful chill

of disappointment when Mrs. Daly put out one finger for her to shake, quite ignoring the violets, and met her swimming eyes with a steady, tearless gaze, that seemed somehow to take all the glow and glory from her projects of protection, and made her feel herself as impotent a comforter as if she had sunk back into being Aunt Maynard's snubbed companion again. There was not much conversation during the long evening. After the silent melancholy dinner, Sir Charles Pelham drew John Thornley into a window recess and held whispering consultations with him on business matters from time to time.

Ellen seated herself on a footstool by her mother's chair—secure that no one, not even her cousin Marmaduke on his last evening in Ireland, would have courage to attempt a conversation with her in the neighbourhood of that fortress of grief. Marmaduke Pelham stolidly settled himself in the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug, determined that, if he might not talk to his cousin Ellen, he would at least spend the last hours of this unhappy visit in looking at her—all the while quite unconscious that he was heaping up bitter wrath against himself in her memory, by being the first person who had ventured to sit down in Mr. Daly's accustomed seat since his death, and that Connor was making vehement signs of disgust at him for his want of consideration behind his back.

Ellen sent one half-angry, half-appealing look towards him as he took his place, the meaning of which he did not in the least understand; and then she appeared to forget that he was there. Her eyes fixed themselves vacantly on the now closely-shuttered and curtained window recess. But her thoughts were evidently far away, following the incidents of that evening when she had stood there last talking and laughing; when the window was open, and when, a mile or two away outside, something was happening that she must not go on thinking about for ever. Now and then she roused herself and turned to look at her mother, and then the expression of another kind of sorrow stole into her face—a look

such as a faithful dog casts into his master's face when he sees he is in pain and cannot help him. At such times she would put up her hand stealthily to stroke her mother's knee, or touch softly the drooping head that never changed its position, or showed the least consciousness of her caresses. Lesbia, watching this little pantomime, was startled by the sound of an impatient groan coming from the direction of the window recess, that in the stillness was quite plainly audible through the room. Everybody turned his or her head to discover what it meant, except John Thornley, who stood still, confused and convicted, and who must have been, Lesbia concluded, much disgusted with himself for betraying so publicly the extent to which Sir Charles Pelham's conversation bored him.

Lesbia had opportunity for watching her neighbours, for no one took much notice of her; and she found so much food for thought, that the long hours of the silent evening did not hang heavily on her hands. It is always a matter of deep interest to watch the way in which new circumstances draw out unexpected points of character in our friends and acquaintances. Little Lesbia was, perhaps unknown to herself, a diligent student of character, and owed the pleasure of her evening to philosophical observations on the change in Mr. Pelham Daly which had been effected by the events of the last ten days.

Everybody in the house had felt the change, but no one but little Lesbia had had leisure of heart to chronicle its signs and comment on them in thought. It was not that Pelham put himself more forward or was less reserved than formerly during those dark days, but his silence no longer seemed the effect of shyness, and his reserve was not, as formerly, worn as a suit of armour for the purpose of keeping intruders at a distance. He looked a great deal older than he had looked a week ago. He was so busy all that evening sorting and numbering letters, and sat so far out of the circle of the lamp-light, at his father's old pigeon-hole desk in a dim corner, that Lesbia could venture to let

her eyes rest for quite a second at a time on his face, while she wondered what the difference in him really was—whether there actually was a line between the black brows and a hollow under the large eyes, or whether it was only the new expression on his face that made him seem so completely a grown-up man now, and the head of the house. She had to turn her eyes quickly away for fear of meeting his when he left his place, as he did every now and then, to go and stand behind his mother's chair, and make her talk to him for a few minutes; but though she was not looking, she could hear the tender tones his voice took in addressing his mother, and observe that Mrs. Daly never ignored his little caresses as she did Ellen's. When he crossed the room and laid his hands on Connor's shoulders to stop him in picking out a dance tune on the piano, as he had carelessly begun to do, there was nothing of the old provoking peremptoriness in his manner, nothing that the touchiest younger brother could possibly resent. Connor, who had begun a petulant twist to shake off the restraining hands, changed his mood when he looked up into Pelham's face and substituted an acquiescing nod and his own bright smile for the intended growl of remonstrance.

Connor and Lesbia had been a great deal together during the last week, and had grown quite intimate. He was very miserable. His handsome face had often been quite disfigured with weeping, and his blue eyes, like Ellen's, were almost extinguished under the painfully swollen lids; but he was not in the least altered or transformed by his grief, he was just the same Connor Daly who could not possibly, whatever tortures of body or mind he might be enduring, get through a silent evening without finding something mischievous to do with his hands, or some occasion for making grimaces at somebody.

Lesbia had liked his seeking her out, to talk of his sorrow, and had felt flattered by his finding her little attempts at soothing helpful. It was a new thing to have people coming to her to be comforted, but as she watched the two

brothers that night she acknowledged to herself that, however flattering confidential talk may be, it was the sorrow that could not pour itself out in words that had her strongest sympathy.

Yet one or two words, when they seemed to well up from depths of pain after long restraint, might not be amiss. It might not lessen sympathy to hear such spoken, if they seemed to be able to get themselves said to one person only. It was Lesbia's lot to be drawn into a conversation, quite at the end of the evening, that led her to this amendment of her previous opinion. Sir Charles Pelham, coming hastily out of the window recess to wish Mrs. Daly and Ellen good night as they were leaving the room, knocked over the pigeon-hole desk at which Pelham had been sitting and scattered its miscellaneous contents over the drawing-room floor. Lesbia stooped down to help Pelham to gather them up, and it proved to be a longer business than she had counted on. The other occupants of the room one by one slipped away, and they were left unperceived in the shady corner to finish their task alone. Lesbia picked up and smoothed the papers, and Pelham restored them to their proper divisions in the desk. They worked in silence till the last packet was replaced, and then quite abruptly Pelham began: not looking at Lesbia, but fixing his eyes on a certain pigeon-hole where he had just replaced his own old school letters to his father:

"I wonder why he kept these: there's not a single word in them that anyone would have cared to read a second time. I don't suppose I ever did write a word to him that could have given him a moment's pleasure—Miss Maynard, I'll tell you something. The last time I ever talked alone with my father we had a trifling misunderstanding, he and I. It was on the day when Connor and Ellen called on you to ask you to travel to Ireland with us. My father and I walked along the shore, and he wanted me to speak openly with him, and I would not, though I knew all the time that my

reserve pained him. It's folly to think more of that little circumstance than of all the rest, but I do. Perhaps I should be able to grieve openly, like Connor and Ellen, if it were not for that. Can you understand my feeling so?"

Lesbia was so much startled by the abruptness of the address, that not one of the comforting commonplaces she had applied to Connor *would* come into her mind; she could think of nothing to do but to stretch out both her hands towards him.

"Do you know," she whispered, as he grasped them convulsively, "that I could not weep when my father died? I am afraid I did not love him at all as I ought. I have so often wished it had been different. The only thing I can remember about him is, that when he tried to kiss me I used to cry and hide my face. I have often been sorry to think of that since."

"You understand how it is with me, then, and you are sorry for me?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

"I could not have told this to anyone but you; and now, since I have your sympathy, I shall be able to bear it. What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

"Has it? I am so very, very glad."

The sound of John's footsteps approaching the door made them aware that they were holding each other's hands still. Lesbia snatched hers away and ran breathless upstairs to bed.

Perhaps it was just that last ten minutes that made the whole evening so memorable to Lesbia.

"What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

She could not go to sleep for a long time from repeating those words over and over again to herself, and for feeling the tingling in her fingers that Pelham's close clasp had left. Bride, who had her own troubles to think over, could not understand what made the child so restless.

To be continued.

ADDRESSES AT CHESHUNT COLLEGE, JUNE 25, 1874.

IN proposing "Prosperity to Cheshunt College," a rather wide field opens upon me. I might perhaps go back to the excellent founders of this college. I might endeavour to depict to you the personal appearance, at one time of her life, the splendid attire¹ of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Or I might claim for myself some connection with her by the fact that two of her sons, George and Fernando, and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, were buried in Westminster Abbey. Her sister is immortalised by one of our most famous monuments, as much admired in the last century as it is depreciated in this. Or I might rank the Countess among the great ecclesiastical worthies of former ages, and point out her resemblance to St. Theresa of Spain, St. Bridget of Ireland, and other famous ladies who have exercised a more than episcopal sway in their times. I might also enlarge upon the apostolic character of the first President of this college before it came to Cheshunt—I mean Fletcher of Madeley. I may claim to myself the honour and privilege, perhaps not shared by many here present, of having made a pilgrimage to Madeley in order to explore all the localities sanctified by that holy memory. I have seen his grave; I have visited the vicarage where he lived and died; I have stood on the ruins of the great landslip in the neighbourhood, the subject of the sermon which some of the students of this college, I hope, have read, on what he calls "The Dreadful Phenomenon."

But I will not detain you with these local and ancient personal associations; I come to the peculiarities of the college itself. And here it seems to me that Cheshunt College furnishes a very large field of ecclesiastical and general interest.

¹ Mrs. Delany's Memoirs, ii. 23.

There is a remark in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which I trust are read as amongst the best part of the theological reading of the students of Cheshunt College. They cannot have sounder maxims on all ecclesiastical subjects than they will get from Sir Walter Scott's novels. In "The Fair Maid of Perth," he says that some of the most interesting features of natural scenery are to be found in those parts of the country where the Highlands and Lowlands meet together. This is very much the position of Cheshunt College. Of course there are great advantages in mounting to those Alpine elevations, far beyond any such point of junction, such as some of our friends have lately traversed with me, in celebrating the memory of John Bunyan, of Bedford, or such as I have traversed on various occasions when I have had to speak the praises of Hooker in the past, and of Sir John Herschel and Livingstone in the present. There is also an advantage in having to go to those green pastures and still waters of pastoral life, of which I hope to say something before the evening closes. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar interest attaching to such a point of junction as is symbolised and brought before us in Cheshunt College.

If Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, had designed it, she could hardly have brought together a more varied collection of curious ecclesiastical—I will not say contradictions, but—diversities than she has combined in the constitution of her college; she herself a devout member of the Church of England, founding a college which certainly has dealt in no illiberal measure with Nonconformity—and thus providing an opportunity for the appearance amongst you from time to time of persons who certainly are widely separated in outward matters, and even in

some serious opinions, not only from the Countess of Huntingdon herself, but from those who represent her here on this occasion.

It was mentioned, I think, as a matter of speculation in some journal the other day, what John Bunyan would have said if he could have foreseen who it was that should deliver the chief oration in his memory at Bedford. I think, also, that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, might have had some misgivings if she could have anticipated that two of the chief speakers present on this occasion should be my friend Dr. Allon, one of the chief assailants of the Established Church to which the Countess was so deeply attached, and the Dean of Westminster, one of its most stubborn defenders—but certainly one who, in many points of theology, would have differed widely from the excellent Selina.

But, returning, or rather taking my stand on this impregnable basis, which the Countess of Huntingdon has given me in this diversified institution, you will allow me, perhaps, to draw from it some general reflections, which you may take either as an exposition of principles that I think are applicable to all of us, or else as an apology for your foundress in having laid down the lines of such a complex institution as this.

First of all, it seems to me, taking it in the most general sense, a great advantage that there should be any institution or any field in which such tendencies as those represented by the National Church and by Nonconformity should be able to meet together as they do in this college, and as they do on this occasion. There is a saying which I read some time ago in a Persian poet,¹ that "If a man is a Mussulman, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with Franks." If a man is orthodox, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with schismatics; to whatever persuasion a man happens to belong, he ought to associate with men of other persuasions, because if he can mix freely with them and yet remain unmoved in his own mind,

he has obtained peace and is master of the whole creation. This is a principle which, like all principles, may be pushed too far. No doubt, within certain limits, we must keep to ourselves, otherwise the whole energies of the world would be squandered. No doubt also there is a good deal of irritation, misunderstanding, and obloquy caused by such cross meetings as are produced by occasions of this sort. Still, I think the advantages outweigh these objections. There are reasons deeply seated in human nature why the principles on which this college is founded may be fully justified. It is impossible for persons to be brought together in ecclesiastical or social intercourse, if they come from different points of view, without not only having their angularities rubbed off, but also without being withheld from temptations into which they might otherwise be naturally led. I heard the other day of a clergyman of the Church of England who refused to let the children of his parish go to a flower-show where they would have to compete with Wesleyan children. I heard on the same day of a Nonconformist who, when some liberal Churchman sent a contribution to his chapel, indignantly returned it. Now, I cannot but think that these absurd follies—for I call them nothing else—would have been prevented if these men had had more means of meeting together, whether in social or religious intercourse. That is the first remark I will venture to make.

Again, there is a very common feeling expressed in this day, that nobody ought to have anything to do with any church except those belonging to it. It is a question much agitated at present in the sister kingdom of Scotland with regard to the patronage of the Scottish Church, whether it is possible for such an influence to be exercised over a church in the appointment of its ministers, except by the inner circle of that church itself. A very distinguished and excellent statesman has laid it down most strongly that it is absolutely incompatible with the idea of a church to receive any appoint-

¹ See Moncreu Conway's "Sacred Anthology," p. 33.

ment or any influence from the hands of anyone except the members of that church. Here again the Countess of Huntingdon comes to my assistance, because by the constitution of this college her trustees, who are certainly not all of them members of the Church of England, are to bestow, at any rate in one instance, the patronage of the Church of England. I have no doubt they discharge this duty admirably and conscientiously, and I have no doubt that the Church of England reaps the benefit of it, not only in regard to that particular living, but also in regard to the Church at large. A church gains very much from being influenced by and brought into contact with those who are aliens to itself. It is a principle that runs through all ecclesiastical history that all churches, ancient and modern, have been affected to their own greatest benefit by the influences of the external world and of those who are not mixed up with their own peculiar feelings and their own intestine controversies. Therefore, here again I claim the diverse and complex position of this college as a witness to a principle which I hope will be more and more maintained as the churches of the world go on.

Thirdly, I take some comfort from the appearance of this college with regard to the National Church which I here represent. Nothing is more common at this time than to hear it said—I believe sometimes by my own Nonconformist friends as well as by my own friends in the Church—"How is it possible for me, for example, to defend and take a pride and a pleasure in a Church which combines within itself so many diverse elements as the Church of England, including a powerful section that certainly does not receive my name with much respect at public meetings, and whose policy I greatly deplore?" I reply, on the principles of this college, it is far better for me, it is far better for them,—the section to which I allude,—and far better for the country at large, that we should combine within the same Church; that we should have opportunities of knowing, not only by personal, but by ecclesiastical intercourse,

the virtues and the merits, as well as the vices and demerits of those to whom we are opposed. It is a great pleasure to me that, in spite of these diversities, the Church is able, as I hope it will always be able, in spite of the complaints, and annoyances, and difficulties which it causes, to contain these several elements within itself, even the element to which I have particularly alluded, which causes so much disturbance and distraction at the present moment; but an element which I am proud to think has produced those whom we could not possibly miss without great loss to ourselves, whom the country would very greatly miss if, being driven into a corner, they were made a narrow, exclusive, and domineering sect; one of whose chief leaders was the author of those beautiful words of the "Christian Year" which you have heard this morning, closing most appropriately the beautiful sermon from the preacher in the chapel.

Then, coming back to the point from which we started, this college has, from the very first, endeavoured to combine, and does still to a certain extent combine, perhaps more than any other on which you could lay your finger, what may be called Churchmanship and Nonconformity together. Its foundress, as I have said, was a Churchwoman; the Liturgy of the Church of England is still read within the walls of its chapel; those who are educated for the ranks of its ministry may be educated alike for the Nonconformist or the National ministry. Now this also is a kind of type or parable of the immense benefit which is conferred on the whole country by the friendly co-existence of the Established and Nonconformist Churches.

I have often dwelt upon this before, but I must, before I conclude, dwell upon it once again, and I ask myself, what would the country have lost, what would the Church of England have lost, if the Nonconformists had been entirely suppressed according to the fatal policy of the seventeenth century? What would have become of those outlying districts, which were visited and revived in the middle and at the close of the

last century by Wesley and Whitfield? What would have occurred, again, if the Society of Friends, whose most eminent representative (Mr. Bright), as you have heard, might have been present with us on this occasion, had been suppressed, as it might have been at one time by the joint action of the Church of England and the Nonconformists? Where should we have had the impulse given by the Quakers to the great cause of the abolition of the slave trade, and the constant protest raised against the cruelty of war? And what would have happened if the mob at Birmingham, who at the end of the last century burnt the library of Dr. Priestley, had been enabled not only to burn his library, but to burn himself and all his adherents? What would have become of the impulse which they gave to the science and criticism of that day?

On the other hand, may I not ask, without offence to my Nonconformist brethren, would not Nonconformity itself also have lost much if there had been no National Church, no central Church from which they all sprang? I have heard that a famous Welsh preacher used to say, "This is the hive from which we came, and it is, possibly, the hive to which we may some day return." Whether you return or not, I ask you, would you willingly have dispensed with the Authorized Version of the English Bible, entirely made by prelates and scholars of the Established Church? Would you have dispensed with the prayers of the Liturgy, which is read in the chapel of Cheshunt College, and which, even

where not read, is a model and standard of devotion to all Nonconformist Churches here and in the United States? Would you willingly have lost the enlightening and illuminating presence of such divines as Hooker, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Butler, Paley, Arnold, and many others whom I might name, who certainly would have found no home and resting-place for themselves except within the bosom of the National Church? It is this combination of these elements which it is never out of place to insist upon, which, the more we insist upon, I venture to say, produces not a sense of rivalry, not a sense of animosity, but a sense of mutual gratitude, mutual peace, and mutual harmony.

Long may Cheshunt College flourish and prosper, so long as, by the education of its students in the best courses of Christian theology, it is enabled to keep pace with the wants of our time, to keep pace with the needs of the population of England, which requires all the energies that either Churchmen or Nonconformists can bestow upon them, and with the still greater needs of the vast heathen dependencies of our great British empire, to which missionaries are sent, and must be sent, not only from the Established Church, not only from Nonconformist Churches, but from all alike, if only they can arrive at the appreciation of the necessity, and the evangelical character of that precept which teaches everyone to do his very best, and follow the very highest aims with the peculiar powers which either his own character or his own ecclesiastical organization has placed within his reach.

ADDRESS IN THE CHAPEL OF CHESHUNT COLLEGE, AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

It has been my lot at different times to address various classes of students preparing for the Christian ministry; at Oxford, when I was Professor of Ecclesiastical History; in London, when I was examining chaplain to the excellent Bishop of that great diocese; at St. Petersburg, when I visited the ecclesiastical seminary at St. Alexander Nevsky. In each of these places, and in the

several generations that have passed since first I became a clergyman myself, I have always felt that whilst the wants of the Christian pastor have greatly varied, yet in all there has been a substantial unity. Therefore I will not scruple, disregarding almost or altogether the peculiar circumstances of your ecclesiastical organization, to express my sentiments almost in the same

words as I have used on some of these other occasions. And in so speaking, I would address myself, not to the most gifted, to whom I could not speak without a closer acquaintance than it is possible for me to have, but to the average class of students who must everywhere form the bulk of the Christian ministry.

I see before me now, as often before in the experiences of my past life, the trembling aspirations, the sense of unworthiness, the sense of ignorance, or the eager hope, perhaps the too presumptuous confidence, perhaps it may even be the longing, lingering look sometimes cast behind to a lost freedom, perhaps the dread of restraints which you may think it difficult to be endured. I see before you, as you may see for yourselves, the dim future filled with doubts, controversies, difficulties, all that you and others may have thought or feared of the office which has in part, and which will ere long be entrusted to all of you. I seem to see the labours on which you will have to enter—the crowded alleys, the wilderness of streets, the secluded villages, the distant heathen dependencies, the wear and tear, the never-ceasing calls and interruptions of official life. I see the exhausting demand for sermon after sermon—as much or perhaps more among Nonconformist ministers than among ourselves. I see the temptations that there must always arise to mechanical routine, to momentary excitement, to blind partizanship, to blank dullness, to languid indifference, or even despair. But I see also the hopes and the opportunities which the Christian ministry, to you as to all, brings with it. I see the various openings for each individual character in the various duties which our complex profession embraces. I see the happiness which may diffuse itself in you, and in all around you, from the mere fact that you will then have no other object than to do good to others by being good yourselves. I see especially, and of this I will speak more particularly, the novelty, the freshness of interest, which the Chris-

tian ministry in our day and in our country presents.

When I speak of the novelty of interest, I do not mean that you are to break with the continuity of your past lives. Do not think that because you are to become ministers you therefore cease to be Englishmen or young men. No; carry with you into your new profession whatever you have of good, or manly, or noble already; carry with you your active frames, your vigorous health, your free, outspoken speech, your plain, downright manners, your loving companionship and pride in one another, your admiration of whatever stirs the soul or kindles the imagination; carry with you, and increase tenfold if possible, your love of truth, your love of honour, your affection for home, your early friendships. These are gifts common to the student and the minister, common to the natural man, rather I would say common to the Christian everywhere, which also belong to the Christian pastor from Pope and Patriarchs upwards or downwards to the humblest minister in the humblest village church or the homeliest Nonconformist chapel.

But then, let us consider what new faculties there are that lie hid in your sacred vocation. How often have I seen that in these matters the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong! How many thoughts, never dreamed of before, must enter the mind of any young man who finds himself for the first time by the side of a dying sick man, hanging upon him for support in those few inestimable moments! How suddenly, as by the rod of Moses, is a new spring of living water opened in the hard dead rock by the intercourse of pastoral experience! How strangely has an earnest and powerful preacher thus leaped, as it were, out of the seemingly vacant and thoughtless student; how often have the homely gifts of buoyant spirits and healthy common sense, shot out far and wide in schemes of vast moral and spiritual usefulness; how suddenly has the awkward youth who went in search only of his father's asses, found himself to be the heaven-sent king, or the man of uncircumcised

lips become conscious of a message, yes, even of a voice, of an utterance which nature seemed to have denied him.

It is the charm of this our calling that it perpetually reveals to us these mute prophets. You may enter, the most gifted of you may enter on this profession, and be nothing at all, but the least gifted of you may enter upon it and be everything. It may be everything to you, and you may be everything to it. Yield yourselves to its transforming power. In this sense, magnify your office to the utmost, and it will magnify you in return; you will become great with its greatness, and fresh with its freshness, and glorious with its glory. For, as I have said, with each succeeding age the sacred ministry renews, or ought to renew, its strength. The trumpet-call to enter this sacred service had a sound to the ears of the primitive and the mediæval clergy which it had not for the Reformers or Puritans; it had a sound for the Reformers and Puritans which it has not for us; but, thank God! it has also a peculiar sound for us in all churches of our day which it had not for them of former times.

The services for which our loins are to be girded are different, but not less cheering. The lights which burn in our hands ought to burn more brightly and strongly, because with a peculiar brightness and a peculiar strength, than ever before. The office of a minister has, no doubt, difficulties which it had not in former ages; but those very difficulties are such as make the office doubly interesting. They are such as may well stimulate in every one of you a noble ambition—a noble resolve in the name of Christ, and by the grace of His Spirit, to subdue and overcome these difficulties. And through these obstacles, or in spite of them, the Christian ministry in this our generation opens a career as grand as ever it did in the most stirring days of its primeval simplicity, or, as in the palmist days of its secular pre-eminence—a host of interests, inspiring because of their greatness, encouraging because of their newness.

Let me enumerate some of these.

You come among your people as ministers and teachers. Yes; but have you considered, will you consider sufficiently, the immense advantages both to yourselves and to them if you come among them as friends and as learners? If this has not always been the view entertained of the clerical office, if it has not been that which in some great churches has given to them their main influence, yet it is unquestionably that to which our own generation especially invites us. By all means, give your people the best you can out of your own hearts and minds. Prepare yourselves to the utmost to get at that best; but remember, also, that young and inexperienced and incapable as many of you are, you must draw the best that you can out of the hearts and minds also of your hearers. You must read your own thoughts to them, no doubt; but you must make them read their own thoughts to you. You must make them respect you; but you must also respect them. Even from the poorest of your neighbours, you will often gain, even on controverted topics, a light which the half-educated or the over-educated would fail to give—a deep calmness where you are agitated, a clear discrimination where you are full of confusion, a steadfast faith and love where you are full of doubt and discord.

And remember the immense value—the religious, moral, theological value—of the opinion of good, enlightened, unprejudiced, practical, scientific laymen, not only the laymen of our own congregation, who are often but exaggerated likenesses of ourselves, but laymen of the great outside world who really make up the materials of English Christendom. Do not make yourselves slavishly dependent upon their opinion, whether that be, as it is called, public opinion or any other opinion, but still remember that, in some respects, outside laymen have an advantage over us ministers, by seeing more, by reading more, by knowing more, and that what is sometimes called secular is often really more sacred than what is sometimes called spiritual, and that what is sometimes called spiritual is sometimes more really

worldly than even the things called secular.

The office of the minister will not sink, but rise in proportion as he is charged with the hopes, the fears, the feelings, and the sympathies, not only of the clergy, but of the whole Church and nation. The ecclesiastical profession in former times did, in a great measure, derive its best social influence from the fact that it then represented the whole intelligence of the age. It is not too late for this influence to be once more ours if we would use the various means which the literature, the science and the progress of our age have put into our hands, regarding all these as the counsels of friends instead of rejecting them as the attacks of enemies, accepting them as the armoury of God, instead of opposing them as the wiles of the devil. We must be understood by others in order to be respected and followed, but we must understand others in order to be understood ourselves. We must look facts in the face. They may be stubborn teachers; they may teach us strange and startling truths, but by them, if by any human means, will our loins be girded for the special task which lies before us.

I turn to another branch of the subject—the trials, controversies, and alarms of the Churches.

Here, too, is a new field of usefulness and importance to those who feel constrained to enter into them, and involving duties not less important to that far larger class of ministers who have no calling to enter upon them at all. There are many qualities which, for this purpose, may be urged—love of truth, boundless charity, unshaken courage, fearless regardlessness of the persons of men; but in addressing the average of theological students (the more highly endowed, as I have said, I leave to take their own counsels), the gift which I should recommend above all things is that which the Apostle commends to us,—“Be clothed with humility.” Be modest enough, at least, to abstain from condemning books which you have never read. Be modest enough

to abstain from pronouncing solemnly on difficult subjects which you have never studied. You have a call—we all have a call—to be humble, to be studious, to be candid, to be forbearing. We have not, all of us, a call, either from God or man, to sit on the seat of judgment, or to carry out the ark of God into the battle. Whatever strange and erroneous doctrines have to be banished and driven away, are best driven away, not by foul names and fierce attacks, but by quietly, calmly, humbly preaching what you yourselves, according to your best opportunities, believe to be the truth. “Overcome evil with good.” Overcome intolerance by charity and forbearance. Overcome folly by such wisdom as you can best put forth. Overcome guile by simplicity. Above all, overcome the spiritual pride of professional polemics by the modesty of the Christian youth. Study the Bible; study mankind; study nature as little children. The aged philosopher can do no more; the young student can surely do no less.

These are simple homely maxims, but, homely as they are, they open to you and to the rising generation a path which you can make entirely your own—a path, indeed, along which some of the wisest and best of God’s servants have walked in the firmest faith and in the devoutest love, but which still needs to be known in order to be valued. A path it is which the vulture’s eye hath not seen; nor the lion’s whelp trodden, but which will guide us to lofty heights and serener regions by eager partisans unknown and uncared for. Truth, candour, modesty—these are not the watchwords of theological controversy in past times—no, nor even in the present; but let them be your watchwords for the future. It is not the way of the world; but it is the way of Jesus Christ. It is not the way of the old, carnal, theological Adam of by-gone ages; but it is the way of the new spiritual man created anew in Christ Jesus. It is the true lesson of the soothing, moderating, reconciling, comprehensive spirit of the best aspect of

the Church of England. It is the true lesson, in their best moments, of such men as Baxter and Bunyan and Wesley.

And then as to your preaching. On the general subject I cannot commend to you anything better than the advice which one of yourselves received not long ago from one of our most eminent statesmen, couched in language so wise, so charitable, and so discriminating that you cannot do better than lay it to heart for yourselves and for everyone whose sermons you hear or criticise, or whom you would wish to criticise or to offer any advice upon your own. To those few words of Mr. Bright I offer no addition as to the general objects to be aimed at on the subject of preaching. But there are one or two points which occur to me to say in what concerns—again I speak not of the most gifted, but of what concerns all of us. That even the higher powers of preaching have not been denied to our times is proved by the fact of sermons which some of us have heard, and which all of us have read, during even this century—the sermons, to name only the dead, of Arnold and Robertson in the Church of England, of Chalmers and Macleod in the Church of Scotland, of Robert Hall amongst Nonconformists. I might add many more to these if I were to name the sermons of the living. To the excellence of these powerful preachers I do not ask you to attain. This is granted only to a few; but I do implore each of you to make the best of whatever gifts you have. We cannot acquire other gifts than those which God has given us. But out of what He has given us we can make far more than we often do. How many a man there is who is far worse in his pulpit, far less persuasive, far less interesting, far less truthful, than he is in his common talk and life! Why should he not be in his pulpit much better? At any rate, why should he not be as good as he is elsewhere? To be natural, sincere, genuine, unaffected in our lives, in our common practical lives, this is perhaps acknowledged by all of us to be a duty. But to be natural, sincere, unaffected, genuine in

our sermons—what a difficulty! What a contrast is the darkness and the hollowness of our preaching to much even of our common practice and conversation! What a contrast even to much of our professions! The temptation to be wise above that which is written, to appear better than we are, to use language which we do not heartily believe—these temptations are almost irresistible. Yet if there be any one sin against which our blessed Lord warns all religious teachers, it is this great sin of hypocrisy—hypocrisy, not in the grosser sense of the word, but in that far more common, far more dangerous sense in which our Lord always uses it—that is to say, the sense of acting a part, of doing and saying, not what we are in ourselves, but what others put into our minds and mouths. There have been diplomatists who have accomplished their objects by unexpectedly using no concealment and no disguises. May not we also, among the clergy, sometimes take the world by surprise in like manner, and convert men by speaking, thinking, and saying exactly what we think, and appearing to be exactly what we are, by having our loins girt about, not with set phrases and artificial forms, but with that one only girdle which the Apostle recommends—the girdle of truth—truth in action, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in heart, truth in thought?

There is another suggestion I would make. We hear a great deal in these days said for and against dogmatic religion, a great deal concerning positive and negative theology, concerning definite and indefinite teaching. There may be those who are called upon to increase or diminish the stock of our existing doctrines, but for the vast mass, both of those who hear and those who teach, what is wanted is not so much more or less doctrine, positive or negative, dogmatic or undogmatic, but rather that we should endeavour clearly to understand the full meaning of the doctrines which we already have, but which we now too often repeat only for the sake of repeating them. Those sacred words which we use, whether

from the Bible or from the Church, let us ascertain and define what they really mean, what they really meant in former times, what they mean to us, what others mean by them. Many of them are, no doubt, full of force and life. They can still, if rightly understood, not only stifle many an old quarrel, but open many a new truth. They all represent something. They have all, in their day, represented things very different. They, none of them, represent the same thing to everybody. Hold, therefore, if you will, to each and all of the doctrines you have been taught, but, as you use them, try to see what you mean by them; define as clearly to yourselves, if not to others, the ideas they convey to your own minds. If you cannot put them into other words, be sure that you do not understand them, and that you had better say nothing about them. The silence of theology is often as instructive as its speech. To know that you do not know is the next best gift to know that you do know. To know by cross-examination of your own thoughts is at once the easiest and the best kind of knowledge.

And if the words and ideas of the Church and the Churches thus need to be examined over and over again, how much more, and with how much greater fruit, the words and facts of the Bible! How infinitely has the meaning of the Bible grown upon us even within our own experience! What new lights have been brought to us in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the historians of the Old Testament! What a far nearer approach than ever before to the order, the significance, the beauty of the Epistles and the Gospels! What a field of new topics for the youngest minister, which a hundred years ago would not have occurred to the most learned divine! There is here no lack of subjects for sermons. There is here no lack of fresh thought to fill the hearts and minds of your hearers. And most of all, when we approach the most sacred of all subjects, Jesus Christ Himself, our Lord and Saviour, how can I express my conviction of the depth of new wisdom to be learned from His

character, His teaching, His work, if we only set ourselves to ask and to seek out what are the essential characteristics of His Spirit, what are the truths on which He laid the most urgent stress, what was the moral and spiritual meaning of His whole appearance?

And this leads me to make one other remark on the importance of observing the various gradations of truth. There is an admirable essay on an admirable subject by the first president of this college while it still remained at Trevecca—I mean the apostolic Fletcher of Madeley—his essay on “Truth” and on the “Degrees of Truth.” The Degrees of Truth—that is a doctrine which the clergy both old and young are extremely unwilling to admit, and yet it is a truth the neglect of which has produced more mischief than the denial of many a doctrine which has been held to be necessary to salvation. Once grasp the value of things eternal, and the things which are transitory and temporal will very soon find their place. Once acknowledge the importance of the spirit, and you will soon cease to be vexed about the letter. Once perceive the value of internal moral evidence as to the true supernatural, and you will then not be too much disquieted by questions about external signs which may be the scaffolding, but can never be the basis, of religion. Once appreciate the truths on which the highest genius, the highest goodness, the highest culture of the world lays most stress, and you will find enough, and more than enough, in common with all churches, without tearing each other to pieces on the points on which they differ. Once learn that the main object of the Christian ministry is to build up, and you will soon lose the pleasure—great though it be—of pulling down. Once learn that our field is nothing else than the whole land of England, and you will find that you, and I, and each of us have enough, and more than enough, to occupy our whole energy, to draw the thoughts of all churches heavenward, to draw the spirits of all honest and good men together.

A. P. STANLEY.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

II.—THE FRATE.

"WHAT is the use of the cloister in the midst of society," says Padre Marchese (himself a Frate Predicatore of San Marco), "if it is not a focus and centre of morality and religion, diffusing and planting deeply in the hearts of the people ideas of honesty, justice, and virtue, in order to temper and hold in balance the brutal force of the passions, which threaten continually to absorb all the thoughts and affections of men? In this brief description of the monastic life is summed up the life of Sant' Antonino and of his disciples. The saintly Costanzo da Fabriano, and Fathers Santi Schialtesi and Girolamo Lapaccini, with a chosen band of students, went through the cities, towns, and villages of Tuscany, or wherever necessity called them, extinguishing party strife, instructing the people, and bringing back the lost into the path of virtue. Sant' Antonino used his ability and wonderful charity in encouraging the best studies, aiding in the reform of the clergy, and giving a helping-hand to all the charitable works which were rendered necessary by the distresses of those unhappy times. And since the people of Florence took great delight in the arts, and were in the habit of drawing comfort and pleasure from them, the blessed Giovanni Angelico undertook the noble office of making those very arts ministers of religious and moral perfection; educating a school of painters, pure, heavenly-minded, and toned to that high sublime, which raises man from the mud of this world and makes him in love with heaven." Such is the affectionate description given by a son of the convent of its first inhabitants. And his praise scarcely seems too liberal, either of the pure-minded and gentle painter, or of the loftier figure of the Archbishop,

his friend and brother in the community, who was, as the story goes, preferred to his high office by Angelico's modest recommendation. Antonino was a man accustomed to influence and rule men, and his position was of much more note in the eyes of the world, no doubt, than that of the humble painter, or would have been so in any community less penetrated with the love of Art than Florence. We cannot pass over his name without notice, notwithstanding that a greater awaits us a few years further on in the history. The story of Antonino's life and works and miracles—those prodigies which procured him his canonization, as well as many fully authenticated acts of loving-kindness which might well entitle him to rank among those whom their fellow-men called Blessed—are painted under the arches of the cloister of San Marco. I do not say with supreme skill, or with any lingering grace of Angelico's art, but clear enough to give an additional reality to the history of the man. Among those frescoes, indeed, is one poor picture, which has a historical interest much above its value in point of art—a picture in which the Archbishop is represented as entering (barefooted, as it is said he did, in humility and protest against the honour which he could not escape) in solemn procession at the great west door of the Cathedral for his consecration. The façade, now a mass of unsightly plaster, as it has been for generations, here appears to us decorated half-way up with the graceful canopy work of Giotto's design, showing at least the beginning which had been made in carrying out that original plan, and its artistic effect. This makes the picture interesting in point of art; but it has still another interest which probably will strike the spectator more than even this reminiscence of the destroyed façade, or

the picture of good Sant' Antonino *affabé* with the gorgeous vestments appropriate to the occasion. In the foreground of the crowd which looks on at the procession, stands a tall figure in the Dominican habit, with the cowl as usual half covering his head, and his marked and powerful, but not handsome features standing out with all the reality of a portrait against the vague background. To be sure it is an anachronism to introduce Savonarola, for Archbishop Antonino was dead long years before his great successor came to Florence; but painters in those days were not limited by vulgar bonds of accuracy in point of date.

Antonino was not, so far as the evidence shows, a man of genius like his friend the painter, or like that later Prior of San Marco whose name is forever associated with the place. But he possessed that noble inspiration of charity which perhaps more than any other makes the name of a churchman dear to the race among which he lives. The sagacious, shrewd, and kindly face which looks at us, still, with an almost humorous observation, in the bust which remains in the convent, would scarcely perhaps suggest to the spectator the tender depth of loving-kindness which must have been in the man. In Florence, with its perpetual succession of governments, its continually varying ascendancy, now of one party, now of another, the community was exposed to still greater vicissitudes of fortune than are the inhabitants of our commercial towns, who have to bear all the caprices of trade. Those who one day had power and office and the ways of making wealth in their hands, were subject on the next to ruinous fines, imprisonments, exile, descent from the highest to the lowest grade. After Cosmo de' Medici had returned from the banishment which his rivals had procured, he treated those rivals and their party in the ordinary way, degrading many of their adherents from their position as *grandi* or nobles, and spreading havoc among all the opposing faction who held by the Albizzi against the Medici. The result was, as

may be easily supposed, a large amount of private misery proudly borne and carefully concealed, that poverty of the gentle and proud which is of all others the most terrible. I have said that probably Antonino was not a man of genius at all; but I revoke the words, for what but the essence of Christian genius, fine instinct, tender penetration, could have first thought of the necessity of ministering to the *poveri vergognosi*, the shame-faced poor? Florence had misery enough of all kinds within her mediæval bosom, but none more dismal than that which lurked unseen within some of those gaunt, great houses, where the gently born and delicately bred, starved, yet were ashamed to beg—each house bringing down with it in its fall, through all the various grades of rank which existed in the aristocratic republic, other households who could die but could not ask charity. The kind monk in his cell, separated from the world as we say, and having the miseries of his fellow-creatures in no way forced upon his observation, divined this sacredest want that uttered no groan, and in his wise soul found out the means of aiding it. He sent for twelve of the best men of Florence, men of all classes—shoemakers among them, woolspinners, members of all the different crafts—and told them the subject of his thoughts. He described to them “to the life,” as Padre Marchese tells us, the condition of the fallen families, the danger under which they lay of being turned to suicide or to wickedness by despair, and the necessity of bringing help to their hidden misery. The twelve, touched to the heart by this picture, offered themselves willingly as his assistants; and thus arose an institution which still exists and flourishes, a charitable society which has outlived many a benevolent scheme, and given the first impulse to many more. Antonino called his charitable band *Provveditori dei poveri vergognosi*; but the people, always ready to perceive and appreciate a great work of charity, conferred a popular title more handy and natural, and called those messengers of kindness the *Buonumini de San*

Martino—the little homely church of St. Martin, the church in which Dante was married, and within sight of which he was born, being the headquarters of the new brotherhood. On the outside wall of this humble little place may still be seen the box for subscriptions, with its legend, which the Good Men of St. Martin put up at the beginning of their enterprise, a touching token of their long existence. The nearest parallel I know to this work is to be found in the plan which Dr. Chalmers so royally inaugurated in the great town of Glasgow, abolishing all legal relief in his parish, and providing for its wants entirely by voluntary neighbourly charity, and the work of Buonomini, like those of St. Martin—one of the most magnificent experiments made in modern times, but unfortunately, like a song or a poem, ending with the genius which inspired and produced it. It is curious to think that the Scotch minister of the nineteenth century was but repeating the idea of the Dominican monk in the fifteenth. We are in the habit of thinking a great deal of ourselves and our charities, and of ranking them much more highly than the works of other nations; but it is nevertheless a fact, that while Dr. Chalmers' splendid essay at Christian legislation died out in less than a generation and was totally dependent upon one man's influence, Prior Antonino's institution has survived the wear and tear of four hundred years.

There is another institution still in Florence to which Prior Antonino's initiation was of the greatest importance. Every visitor of Florence must have noticed the beautiful little building at the corner of the piazza which surrounds the Baptistery—which is called the Bigallo. This house had been the head-quarters of an older society specially devoted to the care of orphan children and foundlings, which had been diverted—perverted—into an orthodox band of persecutors for the suppression of the heresy of the Paterini by another Dominican, St. Peter Martyr, a gory and terrible saint, whose bleeding head

appears perpetually in the art records of the Order. Antonino was not of the persecuting kind, and perhaps the Paterini, poor souls, had been extirpated and got rid of. However that may be, the gentle Prior got the captains of the Bigallo also within the range of his tender inspiration. He sheathed their swords, and calmed down their zeal, and turned them back to their legitimate work; and within the charmed circle which holds the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Cathedral, standing where Dante must have seen it many a day from the stone bench whence he watched the Duomo, the Bigallo carries on its work of charity, bringing up orphans, and receiving destitute children. Under the lovely little loggia, than which there are few things more beautiful in all the beautiful city, it was the custom to put lost children whom the officers of the society had found about the streets to be recognized by their parents, a fact which suggests many a pretty and touching scene.

In the year 1446, the Prior of San Marco (specially by the recommendation, as has been already told, of the Angelical Painter) was made Archbishop of Florence, an honour which he is said neither to have sought nor wished, but which filled the city with rejoicing. Of all the good things he did in this office we have not space enough to tell; but one or two special incidents must be recorded. A few years after his consecration, in the years 1448 and 1449, one of those great Plagues which terrified the mediæval mind, and of which we have so many terrible records, came upon Florence, and what Boccaccio recorded a century before became again visible in the stricken city. Almost all who could leave the town fled from it, and the miserable masses smitten by the pestilence died without hope and almost without help. But we need not add, that the Archbishop was not one of the deserters. He gathered round him some "young men of his institution," Padre Marchese tells us, and bravely set himself to the work of charity. He himself went about the miserable streets leading

an ass, or mule, laden with everything that charity required—food and wine and medicine, and that sacramental symbol of God which was the best charity of all—*necessarii ad salutem animæ et corporis*, as an ancient writer testifies. At a later period, when Florence was afflicted with a plague of another kind, this noble old man came to its rescue in a way still more original and unlike his age. The people, ignorant and superstitious as they were, had been deeply terrified by some unusual convulsion of the elements, the appearance of a comet for one thing, which was followed by earthquakes, terrific storms, and many signs and wonders very alarming to the popular mind. Besides these natural terrors, they were excited by foolish addresses, prophecies of the approaching end of the world, and exhortations to fly and hide themselves among the caves and mountains, like the lost in the Apocalypse. The Archbishop was not before his age in scientific knowledge; but he instantly published a little treatise, explaining as well as he could the nature of the commotions that frightened the ignorant, "according to the doctrine of Aristotle and the Blessed Albertus Magnus." It was poor science enough, the historian allows, but yet as good as could be had at the time; and the authority of the Archbishop calmed the minds of the people. The reader will find, if he wishes, in the legend of Sant' Antonino, and in the pictorial story of his life which may be seen in the lunettes of the cloister of San Marco, a great number of incidents purely miraculous; but Padre Marchese does not enter into these pious fancies. He finds enough to vindicate the saintship of his Archbishop in the honest and undeniable work for God and man which he did in his generation; and so indeed do I. There is but one incident in this noble and simple record in which the good Antonino was a little hard upon nature. The garden attached to the Archbishop's palace was a beautiful and dainty one, in which former prelates had taken great delight, refreshing their dignified leisure in its glades. But an Archbishop

who takes his exercise in the streets, leading a panniered mule laden with charities, has less need, perhaps, of trim terraces on which to saunter. Archbishop Antonino had the flowers dug up, and planted roots and vegetables for his poor, in respect to whom he was fanatical. One grudges the innocent flowers; but the old man, I suppose, had a right to his whim like another, and bishops in that age were addicted sometimes to less virtuous fancies—ravaging the earth for spoil to enrich their families and to buy marbles for their tomb. It was better on the whole to ravage a garden, however beautiful, in order to feed the starving poor.

Antonino died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world "as morning whitened on the 2nd of May," when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace when he died should be given to the poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignitary of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi-adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and fervour into the *Ora pro nobis* of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him, on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils more monstrous, more appalling, than are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were somehow nearer, and those rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passion, could see the saints so unlike themselves going in by that dazzling way.

We must turn northward, however, to find the greatest monk of San Marco, the man who has writ himself large upon the convent, and even on

the city, and who is one of the greatest of the many great figures that inhabit Florence. Savonarola was born in Ferrara in September, 1452, the grandson of an eminent physician at the court of the Duke, and intended by his parents to follow the same profession. He was one of a large family, not over rich, it would appear, and is said to have been the one in whom the hopes of his kindred were chiefly placed. He was a diligent student, "working day and night," as we are told by his earliest biographer Burlamacchi, his contemporary and disciple, whose simple and touching narrative has all the charm of nearness and personal affection—and attained great proficiency in "the liberal arts." He was learned in the learning of his day, and in that philosophy of the schools which held so high a place in the estimation of the world—studying Aristotle, and afterwards, with devotion, St. Thomas Aquinas. But the young man was not of those who take their leading solely from books, however great. He was deeply thoughtful, looking with eyes of profound and indignant observation upon all the ways of man, so vain and melancholy. They were, however, more than vain and melancholy in young Girolamo's day; the softer shades of modern evil were exaggerated in those times into such force of contrast as made the heart of the beholder burn within him. On one side, unbounded luxury, splendour and power; on the other, the deepest misery, helplessness, abandonment—the poor more poor, the rich more brutally indifferent of them than we can understand; and every familiar human crime with which we are acquainted in these latter days set out in rampant breadth of colour and shameless openness. Italy was the prey of petty tyrants and wicked priests: Dukes and Popes vying with each other which could live most lewdly, most lavishly, most cruelly—their whole existence an *exploitation* of the helpless people they reigned over, or still more helpless "flock" of which these wolves, alas! had got the shepherding.

And learning was nought, and philosophy vain, in those evil days. What were grammatical disquisitions, or the subtleties of mediæval logic to a young soul burning for virtue and truth, to a young heart wrung with ineffable pity for suffering and horror of wrong? So soon as Savonarola began to judge for himself, to feel the stirrings of manhood in his youth, this righteous sorrow took possession of the young man's mind. Some poems composed at this time show how deeply penetrated he was by indignation and disgust for all the evils he saw around him. "Seeing," he cries, "the world turned upside down:—"

" . . . in wild confusion tost,
The very depth and essence lost
Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
Nor shines one living light
Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.

Happy henceforth he who by rapine lives,
He who on blood of others swells and feeds,
Who widows robs, and from his children's needs
Takes tribute, and the poor to ruin drives.

Those souls shall now be thought most rare
and good
Who most by fraud and force can gain,
Who heaven and Christ disdain,
Whose thoughts on other's harm for ever brood."

This profound appreciation of the evils round him made the young Girolamo a sad and silent youth. "He talked little and kept himself retired and solitary," says Burlamacchi. "He took pleasure," adds Padre Marchese, "in solitary places, in the open fields, or along the green banks of the Po, and there wandering, sometimes singing, sometimes weeping, gave utterance to the strong emotions which boiled in his breast." The city raged or revelled behind him, its streets running blood or running wine—what mattered?—according to the turn of fortune; the doctors babbling in their places, of far-fetched questions, of dead grammatical lore; and no man thinking of truth, of mercy, of judgment, with which the lad's bosom was swelling, or of the need of them; but only how to get the most wealth, honour,

pleasure, fine robes, and prancing horses, and beautiful things, and power. Outside the gates on the river side, the youth wandered solitary, tears in those great eyes, which were *resplendenti e di color celeste*, his rugged features moving, his strong heart beating with that high and noble indignation which was the only sign of life amid the national depravity. But in the midst of these deep musings there came a moment, the historians say, when the music and the freshness of existence came back to the boy's soul, and the gates of the earthly paradise opened to him, and all the evil world was veiled with fictitious glamour, by the light which shone out of the eyes of a young Florentine, the daughter of an exiled Strozzi. How long this dream lasted, no one knows; but one of his early biographers informs us that it ended with a scornful rejection of the young Savonarola, on the ground that his family was not sufficiently exalted to mate with that of Strozzi. Here is one of his verses written about the time, which will touch the reader's mind with sympathy for the full heart and forlorn confidence of the rejected lover. One hope still remains to him, he says,

"I cannot let it leave me like the rest—
That in that other life, the best,
Well will be known which soul most highly
springs,
And which to noblest flight uplifts its wings."

Thus separated from the magic web of human happiness which might have blinded him temporarily, at least to the evils around him, his darker musings came back with renewed power. He describes to his father in the touching letter which intimates his entrance into the cloister, the motives which moved him, "in order that you may take comfort from this explanation, and feel assured that I have not acted from a juvenile impulse, as some seem to think" These were: "the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, . . . so that things have come to such a pass that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times

a day have I repeated with tears the verse,

Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!

I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world." Alone and solitary among people who did, and who put up with, all these evils, with no one to sympathize with his feelings, perhaps even scoffed at for his exaggerated views, he endured as long as it was possible; while he was silent, his heart burned. Disgusted with the world, disappointed in his personal hopes, weary of the perpetual wrong which he could not remedy, he had decided to adopt the monastic life for some time before his affectionate heart could resolve upon a separation from his family. "So great was my pain and misery," he says in the letter to his father already quoted, "that if I had laid open my breast to you, I verily believe that the very idea that I was going to leave you would have broken my heart." He relieved his burdened mind during this melancholy time by writing a little essay on "Disdain of the World," which he left behind with simple art, "behind the books that lie in the window-sill," to prove hereafter an explanation of his conduct. His mother, divining some resolution in him which he had not expressed, looked at him with such meaning and pitiful eyes, "as if she would penetrate his very heart," that the young man could not support her look. One April morning, as he sat by her playing a melancholy air upon his lute, she turned upon him suddenly and said, "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Girolamo durst not risk himself to look at her, but, with his head bent, kept fingering the strings with a faltering touch.

Next day was a great festa in Ferrara, the 24th of April, St. George's Day—one of the many holidays which stood instead of freedom and justice, to conciliate the people. When all the family were gone out to those

gay doings, which were brightened and made sweet by the glorious spring of Italy, the young man stole out unnoticed, and with a full heart left his father's house for ever. This was in the year 1475, when he was twenty-three. He went away, lonely, across the sunny plain to Bologna, where he presented himself at once at the Convent of St. Dominic. At this melancholy moment of his life, the youth, his heart sick of all the learned vanity as well as the louder crime of the world, had no desire to be either priest or monk, having an almost hatred in his weary bosom of the vain studies in which he had already spent so much time. He asked only in his despair to be a lay brother, to ease his soul with simple work in the garden, or even, as Burlamacchi tells us, in making the rude robes of the monks—rather than to go back all day long to “vain questions and doctrines of Aristotle,” in which respect, he said, there was little difference between the frati and ordinary men. But presently his mind changed as the lassitude which succeeds an important step brought down his very soul into unquestioning obedience. It might indeed seem yet another commentary on the vanity of human wishes that the young monk, so tired of all mundane things, and sick at heart for truth and contact with nature, should have found himself thrown back again as soon as he had fairly taken refuge in his cloister, upon the old miserable round of philosophy; as lecturer of his convent. He obeyed readily, we are told, which good Burlamacchi takes as a sign of grace in him—but who can tell with what struggles of the reluctant heart and that deep disappointment which so often attends the completion of a long-maturing resolve? Soon after he wrote the letter to his father which I have quoted—a letter full of the tender sophistry which we find in so many letters of this time (and indeed of all times), in which the question of duty is begged with many a loving artifice, and heart-broken beseechings brought in instead. “Do you not think that it is a very high mark of favour to have a son a soldier

in the army of Jesus Christ?” . . . “If you love me, seeing that I am composed of two parts, of soul and body, say which of them you love most, the body or the soul. . . . If, then, you love the soul most, why not look to the good of that soul?” These arguments have been repeated from the beginning of the world, I suppose, and will be to its end, whenever a good and loving child obeys a personal impulse which is contrary to filial duty, but not to filial tenderness. “Never since I was born did I suffer so great mental anguish as when I felt that I was about to leave my own flesh and blood and go among people who were strangers to me,” adds the young man. But the sacrifice had then been accomplished, and for years thereafter the young Savonarola, now Fra Girolamo, had to content himself with “the Aristotle of the cloister instead of the Aristotle of the world,” and to go on with those dry and useless studies, making what attempt he could to separate from them “all vain questions, and to bring them back as much as he could to Christian simplicity,” while yet his heart burned within him, and wickedness unwarned and wrong unredressed were rampant in the outside world.

Perhaps, indeed, the first effect of this desperate resolution of his, this plunge into the Church by way of escaping from the world, was to convince the young man of the corruption of the Church in a way more sharp and heartfelt than before. No doubt it directed him to look with eyes more critical and enlightened upon these ecclesiastical powers who were now the officers of his own army, and more distinctly within his range of vision; and with a Pope such as Sixtus IV., and many inferior prelates worthy of their head, it is not to be wondered at if the bitter wrath and sorrow of the young Reformer blazed higher and clearer still. As he had written in *De Ruina Mundi* (in the verses which we have already quoted), his horror of the sins of the world, so in *De Ruina Ecclesie*, which now followed, he laments the sins of the Church. He sees the true Church herself in a vision,

and hears from her that her place has been invaded by a shameless creature—*una fallace superba meretrice*. "With eyes that are never dry, with head bowed down, and sad soul," the "ancient mother" replies to him.

"She took my hand, and thus with weeping, led

To her poor cave, and said—

'When into Rome I saw that proud one pass

Who 'mid soft flowers and grass

Securely moves, I shut me up, and here

Lead my sad life with many a tear.'

The wondering spectator listens, and sees her bosom torn with a thousand wounds, and hears enough "to make stones weep" of the usurpation of the harlot. Then his whole soul breaks forth in a cry, "Oh God, lady! that I could break these great wings!" What utterance was ever more characteristic of the future purpose of a beginning life? Though the "*antica madre*" bids him rather be silent and weep, the thought of breaking those *grandi ali*, and striking a blow at the thousand corruptions which disgraced Christendom, never abandoned the thoughts of the young Dominican. He had to be silent perforce for years, and to teach the novices, and lecture upon philosophy, as if there was no greater evil in the world than a definite syllogism; but his heart burned all the more in his breast, and his time was to come.

Even, however, out of these undesired studies, Savonarola's active intelligence—which seems to have been restored to the steadiness of common life, and to that necessity of making the best of a lot, now unalterable, which so often follows a decisive step—seems to have made something useful and honourable. He wrote a Compendium of Philosophy, "an epitome of all the writings, various as they are, of the Stagyrte," a work which, according to Padre Marchese, "might have acted as a stepping-stone to the *Novum Organum*." Another work of a similar character he had begun upon Plato, the study of whose works had been much promoted in Italy by the learned Greeks who were so highly thought of in many of its intellectual

centres, but this Savonarola himself tells us he destroyed. "What good is there in so much wisdom, when now every old woman knows more?" he asks, with characteristic simplicity. Such were his occupations during the seven years which he passed in Bologna, a time of quiet, of rest in some respects from the chaos of youthful fancies, and of distasteful, but bravely surmounted work. His convent seems to have acted upon the sorrowful young dreamer as sharp contact with actual life so often acts upon visionary youth. It forced him to take up his burden and labour at common things in the long interval of waiting before the real mission of his life came to him. Monastic writers throw a certain ecclesiastical romanticism over this natural result, by distinguishing it as the fruit of monastic obedience, the new soul of the cloister; but the same thing appears in almost all noble and strong natures when life in its real aspect is accepted, not as a matter of fancy and choice, but of unalterable necessity and duty. There was no particular value in the logic which Fra Girolamo taught the young Dominicans; but there was efficacy inestimable in that sense of certainty and life established which led him to do the work which lay at his hand and accept it, though it was not that which pleased him best.

After some years of this obscure work he came to Florence, and now at last we find him in the scene to which his historical existence belongs. Professor Villari informs us, though without giving any authority, that the young monk came to his new home with hopeful and happy anticipations, pleased with the fair country, the purer language, the higher civilization of the people, and with the saintly associations which the blessed Antonino had left so fresh and fragrant. It is easy indeed to believe that after toiling across the rugged Apennines, when the Dominican, still young and full of natural fervour, came suddenly out from among the folds of the hills upon that glorious landscape; when he saw the beautiful

vision of Florence, seated in the rich garden of her valley, with flowers and olive-trees, and everything that is beautiful in nature, incircling that proud combination of everything that is noble in art; his heart must have risen at the sight, and some dilation of the soul, some sense of coming greatness have been permitted to him in face of the fate he was to accomplish there.

The state of Florence at this period was very remarkable. The most independent and tumultuous of towns was spellbound under the sway of Lorenzo de Medici, the grandson of that Cosmo who built San Marco; and scarcely seemed even to recollect its freedom, so absorbed was it in the present advantages conferred by "a strong government," and solaced by shows, entertainments, festivals, pomp and display of all kinds. It was one of those moments of classic revival which have occurred more than once in the later history of the world, when the higher classes of society, having shaken themselves apart with graceful contempt from the lower, proceed to frame their lives according to a pagan model, leaving the other and much bigger half of the world to pursue its superstitions undisturbed. Florence was as near a pagan city as it was possible for its rulers to make it. Its intellectual existence was entirely given up to the past; its days were spent in that worship of antiquity which has no power of discrimination, and deifies not only the wisdom but the trivialities of its golden epoch. Lorenzo reigned in the midst of a lettered crowd of classic parasites and flatterers, writing poems which his courtiers found better than Alighieri's, and surrounding himself with those eloquent slaves who make a prince's name more famous than arms or victories, and who have still left a prejudice in the minds of all literature-loving people in favour of their patron. A man of superb health and physical power, who can give himself up to debauch all night without interfering with his power of working all day, and whose mind is so versatile that he can sack a town one morning and discourse

upon the beauties of Plato the next and weave joyous ballads through both occupations—gives his flatterers reason when they applaud him. The few righteous men in the city, the citizens who still thought of Florence above all, kept apart, overwhelmed by the tide which ran in favour of that leading citizen of Florence who had gained the control of the once high-spirited and freedom-loving people. Society had never been more dissolute, more selfish, or more utterly deprived of any higher aim. Barren scholarship, busy overgrammatical questions, and elegant philosophy snipping and piecing its logical systems, formed the top dressing to that half brutal, half superstitious ignorance which in such communities is the general portion of the poor. The *dilettante* world dreamed hazily of a restoration of the worship of the pagan gods; Cardinal Bembo bade his friend beware of reading Paul's epistles, lest their barbarous style should corrupt his taste; and even such a man as Pico della Mirandola declared the "*Divina Commedia*" to be inferior to the "*Canti Carnascialeschi*" of Lorenzo de Medici. This extraordinary failure of taste itself, in a period which stood upon its fine taste as one of its highest qualities, is curious, but far from being without parallel in the history of the civilized world. Not so very long ago, indeed, among ourselves, in another age of classic revival, sometimes called Augustan, Pope was supposed a much greater poet than Shakespeare, and much inferior names to that of Pope were ranked as equal with, or superior to our prince of poets. The whole mental firmament must have contracted about the heads of a people among whom such verdicts are possible; but the opinion of such a time generally is that nothing has ever been so clever, so great, so elevated as itself. Thus limited intellectually, the age of Lorenzo was still more hopeless morally, full of debauchery, cruelty, and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins, and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure. This was the world in which Savonarola found

himself when, waking from his first pleasurable impressions, he looked forth from the narrow windows of San Marco, by the side of which Angelico's angel faces stood watching the thoughts that arose in his mind. Those thoughts were not of a mirthful kind. Fair Florence lying in bonds, or rather dancing in them, with smear of blood upon her garments and loathsome song upon her lips; and the Church, yet more fair, groaning under the domination of one evil Pope, looking forward to a worse monster still, for the reign of the Borgias'—culmination of all wickedness—was approaching;—who can wonder if visions of gloom crossed the brain of the young lecturer in San Marco, howsoever he might try to stupefy and silence them by his daily work, and the subtleties of Aristotle and Aquinas? A sense of approaching judgment, terror, and punishment, the vengeance of God against a world full of iniquity, darkened the very air around him. He tried to restrain the prophetic vision, but could not. Wherever he was allowed to speak, in Brescia, in San Geminiano, the flood poured forth, and in spite of himself he thundered from the pulpit a thousand woes against the wicked with intense and alarming effect. But when he endeavoured to speak in lettered Florence itself, no one took any trouble to listen to the Lombard monk, whose accent was harsh, and his periods not daintily formed, and who went against all the unities, so to speak, as Shakespeare once, when England was in a similar state of refinement, was held to do. In San Lorenzo, where Savonarola first preached, there were not twenty-five people, all counted, to hear him; but San Geminiano among the hills, when it heard that same voice amid the glooms of Lent, thought nothing of the Lombard accent, and trembled at the prophetic woe denounced against sin; and in Brescia the hearers grew pale, and paler still years after, when the preacher's words seemed verified. Woe, woe, he preached in these Lent sermons; woe—but also restoration and the blessing of God if men would turn from their sins.

Between these utterances of his full heart and glowing soul, Fra Girolamo came back to teach his novices in the dead quiet of San Marco—not preacher enough to please the Florentines, who loved fine periods—and lectured in the cool of the cloister or in some quiet room, as if there had been nothing but syllogisms and the abstractions of metaphysics in the world.

The crisis in his life occurred when, probably on one of his preaching tours, he attended the Dominican chapter at Reggio, and was there seen and heard by a genial, gentle young courtier, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, one of Lorenzo's most affectionate flatterers and friends. This court butterfly was the most learned creature that ever fluttered near a prince, full of amiable sentiments and tender-heartedness, and the kindly insight of an unspoiled heart. He saw the Frate of San Marco among the other Dominicans, his remarkable face intent upon the deliberations of the Council; and heard him speak with such power and force of utterance that the whole audience was moved. Probably something more than this, some personal contact, some kindly gleam from those resplendent blue eyes that shone from underneath Fra Girolamo's cavernous brow; some touch of that "*urbanità humile, ornato e grazioso*" upon which Burlamacchi insists, went to the heart of the young Pico, himself a noble young gentleman amid all his frippery of courtier and virtuoso. He was so seized upon and captured by the personal attractions of Savonarola, that he gave Lorenzo no peace until he had caused him to be authoritatively recalled from his wanderings and brought back permanently to Florence. Young Pico felt that he could not live without the teacher whom he had thus suddenly discovered. Lorenzo thus at his friend's request ordered back into Florence, the only man who dared stand face to face with himself and tell him he had done wrong. Savonarola came back perhaps not very willingly, and betook himself once more to his novices and his philosophy. But he had by this time learned to

leaven his philosophy with lessons more important, and to bring in the teachings of a greater than Aristotle, taking the Bible which he loved, and which, it is said, he had learned by heart, more and more for his text-book; and launching forth into a wider sea of remark and discussion as day followed day, and his mind expanded and his system grew.

We are not told whether Pico, when his beloved friar came back, madé Fra Girolamo's teaching fashionable in Florence; but no doubt he had his share in indicating to the curious the new genius which had risen up in their midst. And as the Frate lectured to the boy Dominicans, discoursing of everything in heaven and earth with full heart and inspired countenance, there grew gradually about him a larger audience, gathering behind the young heads of that handful of convent lads, an ever-widening circle of weightier listeners—men of Florence, one bringing another to hear a man who spoke with authority, and had, if not pretty periods to please their ears, something to tell them—greatest of all attractions to the ever-curious soul of man.

It was summer, and Fra Girolamo sat in the cloister, in the open square which was the monks' garden, under a rose tree. "*Sotto un rosajo di rose damaschine*"—a rose-tree of damask

roses! Never was there a more touching, tender incongruity than that perfumed canopy of bloom over the dark head covered with its cowl. Beneath the blue sky that hung over Florence, within the white square of the cloister with all its arching pillars, with Angelico's Dominic close by kneeling at the cross-foot, and listening too, this crowd of Florentines gathered in the grassy inclosure incircling the scholars and their master. A painter could not desire a more striking scene. The roses waving softly in the summer air above, and the lads in their white convent gowns with earnest faces lifted to the speaker—what a tender central light do they give, soft heart of flowers and youth to the grave scene! For grave as life and death were the speaker and the men that stood around and pressed him on every side. Before long he had to consent, which he did with reluctance, to leave his quiet cloister and return to the pulpit where once his Lombard accent had brought him nothing but contempt and failure. Thus the first chapter of Fra Girolamo's history ends, under the damask rose-tree in the warm July weather, within those white cloisters of San Marco. In the full eye of day, in the pulpit and the public places of Florence, as prophet, spiritual ruler, apostle among men, was the next period of his life to be passed. Here his probation ends.

CHURCH REFORM—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

OUR last paper on Church Reform dealt with the subject of patronage, but in such a way that while a scheme was devised for the abolition of purchase and of preferment held by Corporations, such as Deans and Chapters (while in their present condition), yet little or nothing was said as to the persons or bodies by whom the old patrons should be replaced. Let it be granted that Commissioners were appointed in each diocese to buy up livings that came into the market; to constitute these the new patrons would be a very unsatisfactory arrangement. I share entirely in the prejudice against boards of patronage; to bring a number of people together by popular election only for the purpose of giving something away seems to me, as to others, an exceedingly bad plan; although even this would be tenfold less injurious to the welfare of the Church than to vest the patronage of each living in local trustees. How then are we to solve the question before us?

We have retained three sources of patronage, namely, (1) The Crown and other public functionaries; (2) Bishops and other ecclesiastical persons; (3) private patrons who confer the benefices in their gift but do not sell them. What shall we add to these three, in order to complete our system by adding an element of lay popular control which confessedly does not exist within it at present? The abolition of purchase and of corporate preferment will leave a large number of benefices patronless. Who shall be the new patrons? I answer in one word, the Diocese, and what that means I proceed to show.

A moment's consideration, however, will convince us that this opens up the whole question of that "local government" which stands as the subject of this paper. We can have no diocesan organization, no diocesan representation, till we have them in parishes. That is

to say, we must enter resolutely upon the subject of the relations subsisting between the clergy and laity in respect of the control and management of Church affairs in each locality, first parochial, then diocesan. An immensely wide and extremely difficult subject, in treating which within these narrow limits I must again beg the indulgence of my readers.

To begin with, this is a very ordinary problem in English politics, and one which we pride ourselves upon having solved by a judicious combination of local self-government and central control. Not only have we inherited this combination as part of the essential constitution of the country, but we have of late years done much to develop it in a great variety of ways by the creation of local Boards placed in connection with State departments. But in religion we never seem to have solved the problem at all satisfactorily, the reason being that the clergy, standing apart as a separate order, introduce a third and complicating element. Speaking generally, we may observe that the Wesleyans give too much power to the Church; the Independents to the congregation; and the Establishment to the clergy. This last has, probably, up to the present time been the least injurious mistake of the three; but almost certainly it will be the worst of the three for the future if allowed to continue. English people, who are compelled to manage their local affairs in respect of health, police, pauperism, and education, are reduced to a practical nullity in matters pertaining to the Church. They have no power that a clergyman is obliged to defer to. A man may conduct the services much as he pleases, may drive his people from the church by extravagances or defects, may do, or not do, his parochial work, may go very far indeed on the pathway of idleness, negligence, and even im-

morality, without restraint or interference. The natural result follows. The laity lose their interest in the practical work of the Church, and can be stimulated only by the zest of that extreme sectarian partizanship which is more and more supplanting the old rational Church of England feeling. And the clergy fail, exactly as men must fail, who are at once responsible for the performance of duties, but not responsible to any authority, or even to public opinion, for the way in which they are done. The characters of men are, in great measure, moulded and formed by that pressure from which the clergy are far too much emancipated; hence the best of the clergy test their work by a conscience, which, though often mistaken, is most strong, and even exacting, while the worst of them take things as easily as human nature when left to itself is wont to do. Lay influence ceases to operate exactly where it would be most beneficial, namely in the case of well-intentioned, but weak-minded clergymen, who do not feel themselves either encouraged or restrained by any responsibility which their people can make them feel. They get their money, and exercise their rights, whether the work is performed to the satisfaction of the people or not. Surely there is no parallel to this in any other sphere of English public life. It accounts for whatever there is of alienation, indifference, impatience, and lack of united vigorous effort. It stamps the English Church as un-English in an important, nay, a vital point. A very cursory survey would convince us that things are so bad as to suggest the alternative—either reform or destruction. The cry of the best of the clergy for lay co-operation, the unsatisfactory, hesitating way in which the relations of clergy and laity are handled, the undecided attitude of the latter as to what they want or complain of, are very serious symptoms. Church reform must therefore take in hand this matter, and must set itself to solve the problem, namely, how shall we strengthen the other two elements in the constitution of

the Church, the Laity and Episcopacy, so as to obtain by a balance of powers a freedom of corporate action analogous to what we call in individuals the freedom of the will?

In dealing with local self-government in Church affairs two questions at once present themselves. First, who shall be the electors; second, what shall be the power of the representatives whom they elect. Now, it is not to be denied that the first question is a really difficult one. We are throughout these suggestions treating the Established Church as an institution national in name and in idea, but requiring to be thoroughly reformed in order that it may become national in fact and in extent. But meanwhile, until this object is attained, we have to deal with a state of things that makes legislation difficult, not so much from any practical obstacles as from certain objections which have a plausible and reasonable show, and which reflect but too faithfully the prejudices and the fears of Church people. No statesman who has ever realised the meaning of an Established Church, can hesitate for a moment as to the composition of the future constituency. The same Vestry that elects churchwardens now must elect them for ever, so long as the Church remains national; or if the constituency is altered, it must be only in the direction of widening and strengthening it by the admission of Church people who are not ratepayers. No doubt, this would include a large number of people who are conscientiously opposed to the existence of the Establishment, but that opposition does not in the least disentitle them from their share in the administration of public property. Nor would they be able, even if as a rule they were willing (I entirely deny that they would be willing) to inflict any harm upon the Church. When, I should like to be told, have Dissenters sought to assail the Church by controlling the election of Churchwardens now? The fact is, that the grievance on the part of Churchmen is purely a sentimental, and not a practical one; no doubt a fertile imagination could picture a

thousand injuries and difficulties to which the only answer is that practically they never come to pass. One precaution, and only one, might indeed be suggested, but I do not attach much importance to it. Before a ratepayer was admitted as a voting member of the Church Vestry, he might be required to sign some such declaration as this:—"I, A. B., do hereby declare that I claim to vote in the Vestry of the Church of so and so." If this were signed, say three months before admission, it would prevent a rush of hostile electors suddenly brought in at some emergency, and would go some way to show that the voter was really interested in Church affairs. Whether Dissenters would sign in practice this declaration would rest with themselves—I am sure I wish that they would—but, anyhow, all attempts to narrow the limits of a national Church by artificial or enforced qualifications are useless, and in the long run suicidal.

It is necessary to meet here another plausible and reasonable objection. In large towns parochial limits are for religious purposes non-existent; people attach themselves to the church they like best, and it would be folly to insist upon their being members of the Vestry of a church they never entered and felt no interest in. To this the answer is that persons living in a given area, say a town, or a large old parish, should have the right of joining the Vestry of any church in it. Thus anyone living in the parish of St. Pancras, or the city of York, might belong to any *one* of the numerous churches in the parish or city respectively, and thus, what is so very desirable, congregational variety would be preserved.

The constituency being thus settled, there is no need to make much alteration in the existing mode of election. Most emphatically I *do not* propose that the Vestry should be called upon from time to time to decide Church matters at large and excited public meetings; anything which tended to restrain this practice might surely be accepted by the clergy as sufficient compensation for the curtailment of their present nearly

absolute power. The vestry would have as much to do with the actual government of the parish as the constituencies have to do with Parliamentary legislation—that and no more. Once a year, at Easter, the Vestry would elect not two, but a Board of Churchwardens, whom I shall call hereafter the Select, or Church Vestry. The vicar would still be *ex-officio* chairman of the Board, and would, as now, appoint one member; it would be very desirable that the Bishop should appoint another, the remainder, varying in number according to the size of the parish, being of course chosen by the Vestry. The Board would succeed to all the rights and duties of the present churchwardens, but then, unhappily, to say this is not saying much, but is only raising another delicate and embarrassing question. For the legal relations between the clergy and the churchwardens are in the most unsatisfactory state, as is sure to be the case in communities that, whether from chance or compulsion, live under obsolete and undefined laws. Nor would the most elaborate regulations as to the respective rights and duties of the clergyman and Select Vestry be of the slightest avail. These would very soon shape themselves, when once the preliminary question, "In whose hands shall power be placed?" is settled. To this, then, we address ourselves.

Now, every one knows that the test of the possession of power is the control of the purse-strings. All public bodies, from the House of Commons downwards, are in possession of real power just so far as they have the control of the money wherewith to carry on the business intrusted to them. But in the Church the clergyman is, as we are often rather disagreeably reminded, a freeholder for life: alone of public servants he draws his pay irrespective of popular consent and public usefulness. While Premiers and Judges are paid quarterly, Bishops are lords of manors and owners of estates.¹ While

¹ To make this assertion good, it may be well to state a fact with which few people are, I fancy, acquainted. In accordance with this

civil servants find nothing degrading in salaries, the clergy rejoice in glebe and tithes. Hence we discern the cause of the failure of voluntary Church Councils. Wherever they have been tried, they have been found to work with just that amount of flickering and transient success that goes to show that a germ of something real and efficient lies at the bottom of the idea. But Englishmen are far too busy and practical to waste their time and energies by taking part in shams; where the money is, there the power is, and at present the money is, for all practical purposes, entirely at the disposal of the clergyman. Hence the plain self-evident result is that any clergyman can defy with impunity the judgment of the Bishop, the wishes of his people, and practically the power of the law.

Such, then, is the state of things for which a remedy is to be found. We do not wish to make the clergy dependent upon the people for their incomes—that is virtually disestablishment. Again, we do not wish to retain the present system by which they are life-owners, instead of trustees of national property, holding it for the public good. We must, therefore, devise a compromise, and I beg the serious consideration of all who wish to nationalize and vivify the English Church to the suggestion I am about to make. It is this: *I would vest the whole property and income of the parish from every source (fees excepted) in the Select Vestry constituted as above described.*

What, we at once ask, would be the

Act, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are now engaged, in re-settling estates and manors upon the Bishops, so that in due time land to the value of about £150,000 per annum will be in their possession as freeholders for life. Whether any, and if so, what, precautions are taken against the revival of ancient abuses, I do not know; but that some abuses will certainly revive is abundantly clear. I heard of this first from a farmer, who was complaining strongly of the change of landlords. "But after all," he said, "how can you expect a Bishop to put me up a new gate, when he has got to provide for his children out of a few years' occupation of the estate?" Is this a desirable feeling to encourage?

mutual relations of clergymen and people in respect of money? Practically they would be very little altered. The Board of Churchwardens (or Select Vestry) would be under agreement to pay the incumbent the whole of the proceeds of the living, or such a sum as might be arranged between themselves and the patron (the Bishop consenting) at each vacancy. They would manage the estate together with the voluntary offerings that might now be expected to flow in, and one collateral advantage would be a rise in the value of Church property, due to the power of granting fixed leases, better management and ability to make improvements. The clergyman—except as chairman of the Select Vestry—would be exempt from the too often disagreeable position of collector of rents and lessor of lands. I imagine that a considerable quantity of evidence could be collected to show that the management of Church property under locally-elected trustees works well. One instance—that of the fabric fund of Holy Trinity, Coventry—is known to the writer of this paper.

Now let us observe the effect of this change. We can readily understand how lively an interest would be created in the welfare of the Church how much good might be effected by consultation, the expression of wishes, the desire for harmony, and the interchange of opinion. If anything is ever likely to draw back Dissenters to the Church this is it: it would satisfy the reasonable desire of taking a part in Church management and contributing to its religious efficiency. And under any circumstances no one who knows anything of the ordinary English churchwarden can doubt that the effect of this local government would be to exercise an influence in the direction of mutual good-will and toleration. But the real advantage would be in the relations of the clergyman to the people, though even here the actual change would be small in comparison with the moral alteration in their feelings towards each other. The clergyman's legal right to his income would remain exactly as it was before, for the Vestry

would be under strict legal covenant to pay it, except in cases of gross misconduct, such as immorality, culpable neglect of duty, breach of law, and obstinate defiance of the people's wishes. If they withheld it, an immediate appeal would be to the Bishop's Court (reformed, as we shall see presently), and thus the third or balancing element would be introduced. Wherever the clergyman's rights had been invaded, the court would throw the odium and the costs of the suit upon the churchwardens personally. Wherever there was a case of clear and proved misconduct they would uphold the action of the Board. Practically, however, in the immense majority of cases there would be no resort to extreme measures: the Bishop would always be able to step in, informally, it might be, as a mediating and conciliating influence. The average clergyman would have nothing whatever to fear, for the law is a terror only to evil-doers: but men with a tendency to rashness, or selfishness, or idleness, would be under a constant, though gentle, influence to restrain those qualities, and to put that best side of their character foremost, which most men can do if circumstances are in their favour. And the laity, on their part, would be under the strongest constraint to treat their clergyman justly. As things now are it must be confessed that they do often treat an unpopular clergyman very badly indeed, but this is entirely due to the fact that the laity feel that they have no remedy against the enormous and disproportionate power lodged in the hands of the clergy, and therefore display their resentment, together with the consciousness of their powerlessness, by violent and unreasonable measures. Once let it be understood that a remedy was in their power, but that it involved serious responsibility, the need of putting themselves in the right, of working together, of convincing a minority, and the best results would follow. And as for the clergy, they would feel that they had the right to do their proper work freely,

but that they had lost the right divine of doing whatever wrong the possession of absolute power now invites and enables them to do.

There remains finally for consideration the episcopal or diocesan element in the constitution of the Church. Here at once we discern the same fault: so far as the Bishop's power extends it is autocratic, that is, it is absolutely his own, and is not shared by any representative and consultative body. He may call in lay help just as much, and just as little as he pleases. Two results at once follow. First, his power, like all absolute power in a free country, dwindles to nothing, and his personal influence is accepted only so far as it is liked. Secondly, he is overburdened by an immense variety of duties, whereof the management of episcopal estates will be in future by no means the least, if the Bishop is expected—as surely from the national point of view he ought to be—to perform the duties of an ordinary landlord. And bad as the case is now, it would become infinitely worse when to the present work was added the delicate and arduous task of mediating between the clergy and people, and deciding with authority upon matters of dispute submitted to him. It is no injustice to the present bench of Bishops, or to any other body of men, to say that for such a charge no one man is, or can be fitted; nor does English custom allow it anywhere except, unhappily, in the Church. Diocesan organization is therefore the final effort of Church Reform.

I call it final with a purpose. As for Convocation, it must be reformed after the fashion of Hamlet, not “indifferently well,” but “altogether.” If local government is to be restored to the Church, no statesman would tolerate for a moment the idea of establishing what would then be a real and powerful *imperium in imperio*—i.e. a Convocation elected by a constituency such as we have described. We fall back upon that which is at once the true ecclesiastical and the true constitutional idea (how fortunate, and yet how character-

istic, that the two should combine!) namely, that each diocese is to be regarded as an independent unit for the purpose of local and provincial government. Thus, whatever was required of a general or national character by the Church, would be obtained through Parliament, while special reforms, or alterations in the way of carrying on her work, would be left to each re-organized diocese. For it cannot be denied that there is a most real demand for conference and combination in order that fresh plans may be started, new machinery invented, advice given and received, local energy stimulated, and, above all, jealousy and suspicion removed by the creation of that brotherly feeling which comes of consultation and united action. For all this the diocese affords a field sufficiently large, and yet so far local as not to interfere with the action of the State. Moreover, the experience of Diocesan Synods, even under present disadvantages, is, on the whole, encouraging; men meet to discuss subjects that really concern them all, and a Diocesan Synod might be trusted to do its work at least as well as any other local institution. It is, of course, not necessary at present to enter into details as to the mode of election, although there is no harm in sketching one out of many possible plans. Supposing each diocese to be divided into a certain number of archdeaconries, say four, and of deaneries, say forty. Then let the clergy in each archdeaconry elect a certain number of representatives, say one in ten; this is a far better plan than local elections of one representative for each deanery, because it would tend to the selection of better men, and also (by cumulative voting) of men of different schools. On the other hand, let the laity elect their representatives in each deanery, the number in each being arranged according to population, but in such a way that the lay members of the council should be about twice the number of the clerical. No nonsense in the shape of voting by orders or three-fourths majorities should be tolerated for a moment. Surely, it might be

hoped, that men, anxious for the welfare of English religion, would look with satisfaction upon the life, wisdom, ingenuity, and economy that would flow from the establishment of diocesan organization in the constitution of the English Church.

But this organization of course includes the formation of a Council, or Standing Committee, to assist the Bishop in the government of the diocese, to share his labours and responsibility, and to administer patronage not otherwise provided for. And here again the machinery, the men, and the money are all lying ready to hand, waiting only for a reformer's touch to release them from a state of uselessness and idleness by the simple process of giving them something to do. I allude to the cathedral Chapters, the present condition of which presents one of the most unsatisfactory features in the Church. A number of useful clergymen are well paid for leaving their parochial duties in order to perform certain functions for three months in the cathedral, the joke being further heightened by calling them (*lucusa non lucendo*) Canons Residentiary. Now, assuming without further waste of words that chapters want to be made useful, and that dioceses want a Standing Committee, we have here the very thing we require, at once constitutional, ecclesiastical, venerable, and easily adaptable to modern wants. I will sketch a plan which shall suffice to show how easily and effectually the proposed reform might be carried out.

All plans, to begin with, must be dependent on the revenue that might be secured to the Cathedral, after abolishing all useless offices, appealing to public liberality, and taxing the parishes at least for payment of working expenses. But assuming that there would be revenue enough to maintain the Bishop and four members of the Chapter at least (that is, men who had no parochial preferment or duties), then let the Chapter consist of these five; next of from four to eight parochial clergymen, and double the number of laymen (also elected by the Synod). The Bishop and

Dean would certainly be nominated by the Crown, the other three clerical canons either by the Crown, the Bishop, or the Chapter itself. To this Chapter would belong the administration of the Diocese: for instance, in respect of patronage (that is, of the class of benefices described at the beginning of this paper), finance, legal decisions, and the rest. Perhaps we might get a clearer idea how this would work by assigning various functions to the members.

Taking the lay element first, four honourable and honorary offices suggest themselves which any English gentleman might be glad to hold, and give up some of the time that hangs heavily on his hands to do the same kind of work for the Church that he does for the State. These are: Chancellor (who as being a lawyer might require to be paid), Steward, in whose charge would be the lands and houses of the Diocese, and to whom the local Vestries would be responsible for their management of the glebe; Treasurer, whose name describes his duties; and Registrar, to whom would belong the care of the business of the Synod and Chapter. And, no doubt, work would soon be found for the other lay members, though they need not be called by special titles of office.

The position of Bishop and Dean would remain as they are, though in a well-organized Diocese more work than the mere care of the Cathedral might well be devolved upon the latter. Education, theological instruction, musical ditto, missions home and foreign, charity, and the superintendence of all the many plans of doing good which would soon be struck out, would find occupation for quite as large a staff as the Church would be able to maintain. I will, however, mention two pressing difficulties which the creation of such a staff would enable the Church to meet successfully.

First, there is the question of the increase of the Episcopate. Here, once more, is an admitted evil for which no remedy has been discovered at all suitable to the taste and common sense of the country. The routine work of the diocese, especially in respect of confirmations, is,

or ought to be, overwhelming for one man, and it is a matter of just complaint that the essential idea of a Bishop, overlooking or visitation, is become something like a farce. On the other hand, practical sense has condemned the proposal to erect a number of miserable little dioceses at immense expense, and with all the inseparable narrowness and inefficiency; the proposal moreover is, with some justice, thought to be connected with the belief that the spiritual welfare of a Church depends upon the number of independent and absolute Bishops which it can bring together in Synod or Council. But in such a Chapter as I propose the senior Canon might be consecrated as Assistant Bishop; and, in order to prevent the possibility of collision, let him rank below the Dean. He would be in no way dependent upon his superior, except as being responsible for the discharge of a definite list of duties committed to him by virtue of his office and by the will of the Chapter. The following might stand as a sample of these duties. If it be a good thing that the diocese in each one of its deaneries should "undergo visitation" every year, then by dividing it into three parts each locality might be visited by the Assistant Bishop for two years in succession, and by the Bishop himself for the third.

The second is a much more serious and pressing matter. Nothing is more sad than the way in which the organization of women for religious work has missed its mark. How are we to bring light, civilization, secular improvement, cleanliness, hope, contentment, and trust in the Divine order, in one word, Christianity, to the heart of the masses of the people? No answer has been suggested that is half so hopeful as the employment of that great number of women who have the time, the means, and the will to be useful. I have seen too much of the good accomplished by communities of "sisters" to say a disparaging word about them, but they have advanced as far as ever they are likely to do, and what we want now is something more suitable to the genius

of the people, more comprehensive in its scope and views, more secular, but not less religious. All which can only be done as a diocesan work, with experiments, consultation, the bringing to bear new ideas and the adapting of means to ends. Every diocese ought to have an institution under episcopal control, and lay as well as clerical management for the purpose of sending women to act as nurses, visitors, and teachers wherever there was demand for their work. And to develop and superintend this movement might well occupy the whole time and thoughts of at least one clerical member of the Chapter.

This, then, is the crown of my scheme of Church Reform. By it, though the power of *Bishops* (apart from their exclusive right of ordaining, consecrating, and confirming) might be diminished, that of *episcopacy* would be greatly increased. And there is all the difference in the world between the two; whatever men may say of Bishops, episcopacy, or overlooking, is of Divine origin and appointment. But, practically, the Bishop would be, as he ought to be, supreme; so long, that is, as by his zeal, wisdom, ability, industry, and conciliating spirit he carried his people along with him, and worked through twenty willing coadjutors, instead of slaving in vain to do that for which one man's power and discretion are all too small.

I must, however, allude for an instant, to one adverse thought that must have occurred to my readers, as it has all along been pressing upon myself. What, after all, is the use of mere outward arrangements when the spirit is wanting? And that the spirit is wanting let no one doubt. Religion (even more, I think, among Dissenters than the Church) has lost the power of reaching the heart of the masses of the people; men sigh for reformation and revival; with the best intentions in the world, and possessed with a new and tender and growing regard for humanity, they yet cannot bridge the gulf that separates the wicked,

the miserable, the lost, the ignorant and the hopeless from the fellowship of Christian men. What Christian man, surveying civilization in England, shall dare to abide by the old-fashioned test: "Go, show the things that ye do hear and see"? This I know; I know too that reform must be first intellectual, then moral, before it becomes ecclesiastical. But then, reform is after all a unit, so that in advancing one aspect of it we are really advancing the whole. On its intellectual side it has indeed begun already, for science must ere long leaven the minds of even the mass of men with new ideas of God, duty, worship, immortality, in a word, of religion. Then will quickly follow the moral revival concerning which men say, and say truly, that it is an outpouring of the Spirit by the will of God. Yes, but that does not prevent us from regarding it on its human side as well, and even defining it with something of scientific precision. So regarded, the revival will come to pass whenever the new ideas of religion—of which the actual living Fatherhood of God will be the essence—shall seize like a prophetic burden upon the spirit of some gifted man, or men, and enable him to realise and make others realise with him, in the clear light of science, the appalling gulf that lies between men and things as they are, and men and things as they ought to be, and might be, now and here. Such a revival will speedily create the channels in which its spiritual power will flow, and the machinery by which to perform its work. It will sweep away the Church of England into rapid destruction if she strives to resist it; it will enshrine her deeper than ever in the affection of the people, if, placing herself at the head of it, she summons men in the name of a common Father to the succour of perishing children—perishing not in the fictitious torments of an unknown future, but in the stern realities of a miserable present.

ON THE PERCEPTION OF THE INVISIBLE.

As a rule a man puts absolute faith in his senses. A large proportion—perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—of the human race, recognize in all that belongs to the natural world those things only which can be handled or seen; the two most common attributes of that which we call *matter*. Tell a half-educated man that the piece of chalk in his hand is principally composed of the remains of some millions of creatures which once lived; that the glass of clear water before him contains some thousands of animalculæ, and he answers that he will believe it when he sees it. "Am I not to believe the evidence of my senses?" is a common enough expression. The world existed for centuries before its rotundity was recognized—it appeared flat to the senses, the sun seemed to move across the heavens, while the earth was at rest. We know with what opposition the fact that the earth moves around the sun was received by all classes. How many fully realize it even now? In the sixteenth century, there were but ten Copernicans in the world. The early ideas of all races relative to things beyond their ken, indicate that the tendency has ever been to identify the unknown and the unknowable with those things which are more familiar to the senses. Thus, savages see the storm-demon rushing wildly over the skies; to them the sun is endowed with life, and climbing the solid vault of heaven; while lightning becomes fire generated by the collision of clouds, after the manner of a flint and steel.

The thinking and observing man is, however, perpetually reminded of the fact that his senses are limited in their capabilities of perception. Their operations are finite; and the limit, as regards the observation and examination of externals, is reached much sooner than we

generally imagine. The existence of such instruments as the microscope, telescope, and spectroscope, in itself indicates the limited action of the unassisted senses. The star-depths cannot be penetrated, the structure of the diatomaceæ—nay, often the diatom itself—cannot be perceived by the unaided eye; while the dark lines of the spectrum, and the wonderful system of celestial analysis resulting therefrom, would have remained undiscovered had it not been for the prism, the substitution of the thin slice, for the circular beam, of light, employed by Newton, and the tutored eye of Wollaston.

But it is not our intention to discredit the senses because their faculty of perception is limited. The senses are specially devoted to the composite organism of which they form a part. In all that directly concerns that organism they are perfect; but when we endeavour to press them into some special service apart from the welfare of the organism, when we require our senses to discern and investigate certain phenomena of the external world, we find at once that their capabilities are finite. Now, the special functions of the senses are to guard and protect our bodies, to give warning of impending dangers both from internal and external sources; to enable us to repel the adverse assaults of the forces of nature; to benefit by all that Nature offers us—bright sunlight, pure air, beautiful scenery. Gravity would drag us over the edge of a precipice; the senses give warning, and we are safe; accumulated snow would numb us into the long sleep, but so long as the senses remain sentinel over the organism, we resist the adverse influence. When the senses cease to give warning we perish; the sense-bereft madman dashes out his brains. The senses enable us to comply with all the

conditions requisite for the maintenance of life, and they transmute for us various actions of the external world, such as certain movements of the molecules of air, and of the luminiferous ether, into actions capable of being recognized in a definite form, by the centre of perception—the brain. To these various sensations we give such names as Light, Heat, and Sound.

A horse runs away with a carriage a hundred yards behind us; the ear catches the sound, and conveys the impression—"quick as thought," not "quick as lightning"¹—to the brain; the latter issues its orders, the body turns round, the eye sees the horse, and communicates this new impression to the brain, which puts in action the muscles of the legs, and thus we jump aside and avoid being run over; the whole set of actions having occupied a remarkably small portion of a minute. As in the story of the belly and the members, each organ works with, and for, the entire composite organism; the senses are faithful and loyal servants of the kingdom of the whole body. But when we ask that same faithful eye which so recently helped to save us from destruction, to see the nature of the motion we call Heat, or to distinguish a molecule of oxygen gas, it can no longer serve us. These unwonted tasks bear the same relation to it as did the roc's egg in the palace of Aladdin to the Genius of the Lamp; but the eye does not reply to us as the Genius replied to Aladdin: "What, wretch! is it not enough that I and my companions have

done everything thou hast chosen to command, but that thou repayest our services by an ingratitude that is unequalled?" It rather replies: "I cannot indeed see a molecule of oxygen gas, or discern the nature of the motion of Heat; but I will do my best to distinguish them if you will help me." And thus we are led to augment the action of the senses, by using them in conjunction with suitable instruments of observation.

Let us be more precise as to this matter of the limited capacities of our senses. About us and around us, at all times and in all places, float myriads of harmonies which we hear not, myriads of images of things unseen. The idea is very old: the Pythagoreans asserted that the music of the spheres is not heard by man because the narrow portals of the ears cannot admit so great a sound. The peopling of the air with spirits, the existence of the idea of Djinn, Kobold, and Fairy, all point to the prevalence of the idea that unseen agencies are for ever about us. Ten thousand motions sweep by, bathing us in their current, and we cannot recognize them. There are, if we may so express it, sounds which the ear cannot hear; light which the eye cannot see; heat which does not affect the sensory nerves. We mean simply that there are actions precisely similar in kind to those which constitute ordinary sound, light, and heat, which do not affect our senses. The difference is one of degree, not of form or kind. In fact, the difference is no more than this: let us suppose that a railway train passes us with a velocity which allows us clearly to distinguish the face of a friend in one of the carriages; next let us suppose the velocity to be increased until we can no longer distinguish him. These are differences of degree, not of kind; for the motion of the train is the same in kind and in direction, but of another degree, and this just makes the difference between recognizing our friend and not doing so. In the one instance the observation falls within the possible powers of the eye; in the other the augmented velocity of

¹ The velocity of a sensory impulse traveling to the brain has been determined to be about 44 metres (144·32 feet) a second in man, while the velocity of a motor impulse traveling from the brain is believed to be 33 metres (108·24 feet) a second. The motion is slowest in the case of sight, less slow in hearing, least slow in touch. According to Donders it takes about one twenty-sixth part of a second to think (*Nature*, vol. ii. p. 2). The duration of a flash of lightning has been calculated by Sir Charles Wheatstone to be less than a thousandth part of a second. The velocity of electricity through short lengths of copper wire is, according to the same observer, 288,000 miles a second.

the train passes the limit of observation. Thus also with the motions of light, heat, and sound. Let them pass certain well-defined limits, and the unaided senses cease to recognize them. Our ears are deaf to sounds produced by more than 38,000 vibrations in a second; our eyes are blind to light produced by more than 699,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second. Each organ singles out a certain limited range of vibrations, sharply bounded in both directions, beyond which the organ ceases to recognize vibrations similarly generated, and differing from the recognized vibrations only in rate of motion. This limited range is amply sufficient for the wants of the organism; but the vibrations beyond the range in both directions, although they may not influence us, often influence matter external to ourselves, as profoundly as those which we recognize by our unaided senses. Hence, once more, the necessity of exalting the action of the senses when we investigate external matter.

Admitting therefore the limited capabilities of the senses, let us now go one step further. When applied to the investigation of Nature, the unaided senses may not only fail us; but they may positively deceive us by conveying false impressions. A point of light (say the glowing end of a lighted stick) if held at rest appears as a point of light; if moved rapidly in a line, as a line of light; if whirled in a circle, as a circle of light; yet we know that the point of light can only be in one place at one and the same instant of time. Or take the less evident case of the motion of heat. We have before us a mass, say a cubic foot, of iron. It appears to be as solid and as motionless as anything we can well imagine. Yet all the observations of science point to the conclusion that its small particles or atoms are not in contact with each other; and that they are all moving with great relative velocity, not directly forward with motion of translation, but vibrating about a position of rest. If we cool our mass of iron we observe that

it occupies less bulk than before; hence clearly the atoms could not have been in contact before cooling, for they have approached each other, and matter is impenetrable: two things cannot be in the same place at the same time. If we continue to cool the mass of iron, it continues to get smaller, the atoms approach closer and closer, and we have never been able to cool a body until it contracts no longer; in fact, we do not know of any substance whose atoms are in contact. Yet our senses of sight and of touch assure us that the iron consists of continuous matter. Now if the atoms are not in contact, and if they are perpetually moving, why, we may ask, is it not possible to thrust our hand into the midst of them, to see them moving, or at least at the bounding surfaces of the mass to feel the movement? Only because our senses are not sufficiently acute for this. The atoms move with excessive velocity, so that, as in the case of the whirled stick, they are, as far as the sense of sight is concerned, apparently in two places at the same time; so also the nerves of touch are not sufficiently delicate to recognize the minute moment of time required by an atom to complete a vibration. For aught we can tell to the contrary, that which to our senses is a cubic foot of iron may be generated by the rapid vibration of a thin plate of iron one foot square within the limits of a foot in length. One more example—a very familiar one—of the fallacy of the senses, and we may pass on to the more immediate subject of our discussion. Place three basins in a row: pour cold water into the left-hand basin, hot water into that on the right, and a mixture of equal parts of the hot and cold water into the central basin. If we now dip our left hand into the cold water, and our right hand into the warm water, simultaneously remove them, and place them in the central basin, the lukewarm water in it will feel warm to the left hand, and cold to the right. Here, then, we have two absolutely antithetical sensations communicated to the brain by similar sets of nerves, and originated by the same medium. Are we to believe

the evidence of the right hand or of the left, or are we to disbelieve both? The old story of the man who cooled his porridge and warmed his hands with the same breath is equally to the point. We must recognize the fact that numberless actions of the external world, as conveyed and interpreted to us by the senses, are *relative* rather than *absolute*. We call a thing hot or cold according as it happens to affect our senses at any particular time. A traveller descending Chimborazo complains at a certain elevation of the heat; a traveller who is ascending, and who meets him at the same place, complains of the cold. "Change of impression," says Professor Bain, "is necessary to our being conscious. . . . The sensation of light supposes a transition from darkness or shade, or from a less degree of illumination to a greater. . . . The principle of Relativity, or the necessity of change in order to our being conscious, is the groundwork of Thought, Intellect, or Knowledge, as well as of Feeling. . . . Our knowledge begins, as it were, with Difference." The interpretation of an external action by any particular sense, and the transmutation of an external impression into an impression capable of being recognized by the brain, involves this principle of Relativity. The process of sifting the relatively absolute from the absolutely relative, or of stating the relative in terms of the absolute, should be diligently attempted in the investigations of nature.

Although, as we have attempted to show, we are surrounded by numberless unseen actions, we can, to some extent—faintly and dimly indeed—visualize them in our mind's eye; and whenever this can be done without hypothesizing too wildly, without going too far out of the world of real existences, we think it behoves us to do so. There can be no doubt that those impressions are best realized which are seen by the eye of the body, or, if invisible to it, are by mental action wrought into the similitude of things seen. Throughout the history of Natural Philosophy—no matter how subtle the entity—this attempt to

visualize the invisible has always been apparent: the motion-giving *αἶθηρ* of Aristotle, the *σποικίλιστα* of Anaxagoras, the *materia celestis* of Descartes, the igneous motion, "gyratorius sen verticillaris" of Stahl, the "glutinous effluvia" of the old electricians, the "invisible threads" by which, according to Father Linus, the mercury is held suspended in the barometer,—have not the authors of one and all of these pushed imagination to its furthest limit in the attempt to visualize the unseen? And have not the proposers of "subtle effluvia," attractive and repulsive "fluids," "polarized media" for the conveyance of forces, striven to do the same? They have wisely endeavoured to save their conceptions from being dry metaphysical dogmas, unrecognized and unremembered save by abstract mental means, and to fix them in our memories by images, however crude they may be, drawn from the more obvious and material world about us. In regard to those actions of light, heat and sound, of which we have spoken above, do we not try, and ought we not to try yet more, to realize each phase of their existence under any particular condition—their generation by the vibrating body, their transference by the elastic medium, their final rest in the brain?

Let us endeavour to visualize some of the invisible actions which are perpetually taking place around us, such as the assumption of heat by a mass of metal, and the reception of sound and light by the brain. Having recognized from the foregoing remarks the fact that the senses are limited in their capabilities of observation, and otherwise may often give fallacious results, we must at the outset provide ourselves with a suitable organ of observation. And here we must beg the reader to grant us a few important concessions; we must divest ourselves of this "muddy vesture of decay," if we wish to hear the music of the spheres; our bodies will be in the way if we wish to glide amongst ultimate atoms. We will therefore dispossess ourselves of the material part of us, retaining only the eye and the ear,

associated with our normal intellectual powers. But the eye can only be directed towards one point at once, and if a rapidly-moving body passes it, the moving body (like the whirled stick) will appear to be drawn out on account of the persistence of its image on the retina; hence we must have a more complete instrument of vision. Let us then imagine a sphere whose entire surface is studded with eyes, and let us call this organ of vision, for the avoidance of repetition, the *oculus*. We must grant it, moreover, the power of contracting to the size of an atom, and of penetrating where the luminiferous ether can penetrate; the faculty of seeing in the dark; infinite velocity in any direction, or across any position of rest; power of clearly distinguishing the most rapid motion, and of seeing the imagined but ordinarily unseen; and lastly, power of resisting any extremes of temperature. These gifts being conceded, we have an instrument of vision well suited to our purpose, an all-powerful eye; potent as the winged eye which hovers over the head of Osiris in the Hall of Perfect Justice, when the heart of the deceased trembles in the balance.

We will now accompany the *oculus* on its first voyage of discovery. We have before us a little ingot of silver: we magnify it a few billion times, until for example it is as large as Australia, and enter it as an *oculus*. We make ourselves as small as possible, and perfectly elastic, or all our eyes will be put out, and we shall be pounded to pieces, for we are surrounded on every side by small, black, elastic atoms of silver, nearly as large as peas. They are whirling round and round in various planes with exceeding rapidity, in circles about ten feet diameter. It reminds us a little of the effect produced when we look up at a heavy snow-storm accompanied by just enough wind to give the flakes a whirling motion in mid-air; only here the white flakes are exchanged for little black spheroids which move rhythmically. We soon perceive that the velocity augments, the circles become larger, a lurid light surrounds the

atoms, the mass no longer preserves its shape: it has exchanged the solid for the liquid condition, and settles down as a vast lake of molten silver. The circles of revolution of the atoms are but slightly larger, they appear now to be eleven or twelve feet diameter. The motion still increases; in other words, the molten silver continues to acquire heat, when suddenly it commences to boil; the atoms, whose velocity has considerably augmented, leave the circular path in which they had hitherto moved, and fly off tangentially, moving rectilinearly through space. Now we fix our eyes on an atom, and notice that although its velocity is enormous, it does not make so much progress as we might have expected, because it perpetually comes into collision with other atoms; thus it does not get even a hundred feet of continuous rectilinear motion, its path through space is zigzag, because it is constantly diverted from its straight course by collision with neighbouring atoms. Thus the direction of its motion is changed several hundred times in a second. The atoms are perfectly elastic, and bound off from each other whenever collisions occur. The *oculus* now leaves the interior of the mass, and having reached the outside, notices a vast greenish cloud of silver gas floating above it. Presently the rectilinear motion slackens; the gas is cooling; the atoms approach each other until at length they come within the range of their cohesion, which compounds its own rectilinear attractive force with the motion of the atoms into the former circular motion: they abandon their rectilinear for angular velocity. The cloud of silver vapour condenses; a gigantic rain of molten silver falls; the drops are spheroidal and ellipsoidal masses as large as the dome of St. Paul's; they solidify into a lengthened ridge of silver mountains. Again the *oculus* enters the mass, and finds the atoms still actuated by their ceaseless circular motion of heat. But on looking towards one end of the ridge, the inception of a new kind of motion is perceived; the particles are assimilating an elliptical

motion, which travels rapidly from end to end: the mass is conveying an electric current. The atoms of silver, still retaining their elliptical motion, now assume a peculiar helicoidal motion in varying planes: the mass is under the influence of a magnet. The *oculus* then goes outside again and stations itself near the base of one of the shining silver mountains; it looks up at the bright lustrous sides, and sees the ether-waves dashing down upon them from infinite space; it notices also that the motion of the waves differs from that of the atoms—they cannot assimilate it. Consequently the ether-waves are dashed back, like great sea-waves dashing on a rock-bound coast; in a word, they are reflected, and to some extent scattered, as ether-foam.

Once again, the ingot of silver is placed in a Cyclopean melting-pot, together with some sulphur: the *oculus* places itself at the bottom of the mass, and diligently watches. The melting-pot is placed in a furnace; motion is rapidly assimilated by the atoms, more quickly by the sulphur than by the silver; at length a white atom of sulphur and two black atoms of silver are seen to coalesce, separate from the rest of the mass and sink to the bottom as a molecule of sulphide of silver. The molecule continues the motion of heat which the individual atoms had before possessed, but the three coalesced atoms now act as one. The motion is observed to differ altogether, both in kind and velocity, from that of the single atoms; and the *oculus* no longer recognizes either the sulphur or the silver as separate bodies: the compound molecule now forms indeed a new substance. The individual atoms of the molecule also move relatively to each other. The combination of the two atoms of silver with one atom of sulphur continues until the whole mass of silver has become a new substance. A few million atoms of sulphur remain in the melting-pot in excess; they move more and more rapidly as the heating continues, and ultimately float away and are seen no more.

Here ends our first voyage with the *oculus*. We have seen some actions which are fairly familiar to many of us. We have endeavoured to visualize the assumption of heat by a mass of melted metal; the continued assumption resulting in fusion and vaporization; the subsequent condensation of the vapour; the conveyance of an electric current by the metallic mass; the action of a magnet upon it; the reflection of light from its polished surface; and finally, its union with sulphur under the influence of the force of chemical affinity.

Whither shall we travel now? To the fiery maelströms of the sun? To the zone of Saturn? To a cloud of planetary matter condensing into new worlds? Or shall we float with the light of Arcturus and a Lyre into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins? Since we have attempted to visualize the infinitely little, let us now transport the *oculus* to the infinitely great, and place it in the midst of a new solar system about to be formed.

The *oculus* speeds through space; it sees an earth-lit moon; it reaches Mars during mid-winter, it examines the belt of Saturn with interest, and it gains some entirely new ideas about space of four dimensions. It passes the region

“where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.”

At length, far out of sight of our solar system, it comes to a firmamental desert, and sees beneath it an extended nebulous mass, some ten trillion miles in extent; the mass is hazy and cloud-like, and is gradually contracting its limits, until at length it condenses into a semi-solid spherical mass, intensely radiant, in fact still white-hot. The sphere assumes rotatory motion, and as the motion augments it bulges out more and more in the direction of its motion; then some dozens of masses of molten matter of different sizes are given off from the circumference of the rotating mass. These fly out in orbits more or less eccentric, and revolve around the great

central body, the remains of the original parent mass, and still far larger than any of its offspring. These new worlds possess rotatory motion of their own; one has a girdle; one is accompanied by little moons; some follow a very elliptical path; some rush off into infinite space in hyperbolic curves. The great central mass, now the sun of a vast system, keeps his attendant worlds in order; the greater number revolve about him with regularity. But one of the worlds, a few times larger than our moon, has by the velocity of its impulse been projected into a large and very elliptical orbit, which brings it within the sphere of attraction of a distant, but enormous, sun. Then, as a ship is drawn into a whirlpool, is the errant world drawn to its destruction. It circulates about the greater body, not in a curved path which returns into itself, but in an ever-narrowing spiral. At last comes the final crash: it rushes into the sun with a velocity of more than a million miles a second, and the heat generated by the collision volatilizes the destroyed planet. A thin fiery cloud is now all that remains of what had a short time before been a world. All this, and much more, the *oculus* perceives, and then returns to earth.

With our organ of observation we might now visit those profound depths of the ocean, of which the *Challenger* is telling us so much; we might swim through a di-electric subject to electro-static induction; we might inhabit a Geissler's tube, or bury ourselves in a slice of tourmaline, about the time when a high-priest of Nature cries *Fiat experimentum* in the matter of polarized light. Let us rather visit with the *oculus* those obscure regions in which perception itself originates. Let us float with a sound-wave into the ear, and with an ether-wave enter the portals of the brain itself.

Behold, then, the *oculus* within the dim porches of the ear, tapping upon the tympanum, through which it passes, and entangles itself among those complicated little bones which anatomists call the *malleus*, the *incus*, and the *stapes*. The

tympanum is quivering, and the little bones appear to accept its motion, and to transmit it. As the *oculus* passes on it sees beneath it what appears to be a deep narrow well—the *Eustachian tube*; then it looks through the *fenestra rotunda*, and floats through the *fenestra ovalis* into the perilymph, a clear liquid mass agitated by waves; then it nearly loses itself in the *labyrinth* and *cochlear*, a sort of place like the maze at Hampton Court; escaping from this it swims through the endolymph; and finally comes in sight of the cortian fibres, the *scala media*, and the ends of the auditory nerves. The *oculus* fails not to see how each particular fibre vibrates to one particular tone or semitone, and it hears the transmitted vibrations around it; as, standing in the belfry at Bruges, the dreaming listener hears about him, now one bell, now another, bursting into song, and at last a great symphony poured from fifty throats of bronze.

The *oculus* now returns to the outer world, and makes friends with an atom of luminiferous ether which is about to enter the eye. But before they can join company the *oculus* has to shrink to a smaller size than ever before. It has now to enter very microscopical channels, to which a particle the size of a grain of sand would be as a cricket-ball to the channel of a small straw. We next find it with the ether-wave dashing upon the outer surface of the eye. It enters the organism by a gate of horn—the *cornea*—and enters the brain itself by a gate of ivory—the *optic foramen*. We are a little reminded of Virgil's idea of the two gates:—

'Sunt geminae somni portæ, quarum altera fertur

Cornea

Alterâ, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto."

Having passed the *aqueous humour*, the *oculus* perceives an increase of resistance as it encounters the lens, and on emerging enters a vaulted chamber filled with a substance as clear as crystal. Impulses are speeding through this with extreme velocity, and delivering their messages to the brain. Of all the wonderful things that the *oculus* saw in that

crystal chamber, with black walls, and a window, not yet darkened, which looked upon the external world, it would take us too long to tell. It saw there varied images reflected upon the walls, of things distant, and things near; it saw too the movements of the ciliary muscles which cause the front surface of the lens to change its curvature, and much more. It could have lingered there longer, but its guide, the ether-wave hurried, it on, till it reached the far end of the chamber, and saw the commencement of the optic nerve. The particles of the nerve were seen to be rapidly vibrating under the influence of the ether-waves, and to be finally yielding up the motion to the particles of the brain. The *oculus* floats between the nerve fibres into the brain itself. But there it sees no more. In vain it endeavours to comprehend how the delicate impulses of the ether become transmuted into the sensation of light; how the images of the external world are recognized by the centre of perception.

Although now within the most private chambers of the great domed palace, the *oculus* can understand but little of its inner life. It is reminded somewhat of a central telegraph office, where messages are perpetually being received, and as perpetually being sent; where sometimes a message is retained, carefully copied, and stored away in a safe; where again a message, as soon as received, is sent off by another line of wires; where sometimes the messages originate in the office itself, while at other times clerks rush in breathlessly with messages for instant despatch. The most distant nerves conveyed messages and received back answers, whereupon bodily motions resulted. Thus the will said, "I want to move the arm," and the necessary directions having been given, the arm moved. Or the stomach said, "I am hungry; there is food in the jaws, let them commence operations," and forthwith the jaws began to masticate, and all the auxiliary apparatus of deglutition was simultaneously set in motion. Or the

mind said, "I send you these important facts; copy them carefully, and store them away in a chamber, until I want them." But some of these chambers appeared to have very defective locks, and sometimes broken doors.

Thus it was that messages continued to be received and transmitted by the brain. It was apparently a kind of head-quarters, to which every action was referred before being executed. No nerve or muscle ventured to act upon its own account without first obtaining leave from head-quarters, which leave, once given, was responded to by the whole mental and bodily system. The heart and the respiratory apparatus were frequent in their demands, and had a vast number of separate telegraph wires for their special use and behoof. Soon the will said, "I want to read aloud," and the brain at once commenced to receive communications, and to issue the necessary instructions. There were the muscles of the arm to be directed, in order that the book might be held at a proper distance from the eyes; and the muscles which cause the eyes to move horizontally from the beginning to the end of a line, and vertically from the top to the bottom of a page; and the vibrations of the particles of the optic nerve conveying the impression of the letters to be received, and then communicated, to the muscles of the larynx, and the muscles of the tongue, and the muscles of the lips, and the respiratory muscles, and their varied auxiliary apparatus;—all these concurrent causes combined to one end, and thus the words seen by the eye came to be spoken by the mouth, and the organism performed the act of reading aloud. Now the passage which was read was this:—"It is likewise certain that, when we approve of any reason which we do not apprehend, we are either deceived, or, if we stumble upon the truth, it is only by chance, and thus we can never possess the assurance that we are not in error. I confess it seldom happens that we judge of a thing when we have observed we do not apprehend it, because it is a dictate of the natural light,

never to judge of what we do not know. But we most frequently err in this, that we presume upon a past knowledge of much to which we give our assent, as to something treasured up in the memory, and perfectly known to us; whereas, in truth, we have no such knowledge."¹ Then the reading ceased, and the will somewhat peremptorily asked the brain the precise meaning of the passage. Whereupon the molecules of the brain—notably the corpuscles of the grey matter—became strangely agitated; they moved with wonderful motions in wonderful planes; they described in their motions space of four dimensions; they moved in vortices which rolled over each other; in a word, the whole organ was in a state of intense molecular

activity. *Was this Thought?* At all events the will received no answer to its question, and having requested the brain to cudgel itself no more, the subject was dropped, and the reading continued. The *oculus* was endeavouring to thread its way through the countless corridors and chambers which surrounded it, when it came upon a small cell out of which came the Genius of the place, who conducted it in safety to the frontier.

Our typical man, who says, "I will believe it when I see it," has after all a good deal of reason on his side, for we cannot speak with any certainty of invisible things; we can only say what we believe them to be, or what they may be. It is thus that we must regard the revelations of the *oculus*.

G. F. RODWELL.

¹ Descartes, *Principia*, Pars 1, 44.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS IN ITALY.

BY LADY AMBERLEY.

[The following account was written by Lady Amberley while in Italy during the spring of this year. The statements with regard to matters that could not be the subject of direct observation are given on the authority of the officials connected with the various institutions.

Those whose rare privilege it was to enjoy the happiness of her intimate acquaintance and friendship, alone know how much has been lost to all the highest interests of humanity in the early death of her whose loss to them personally is altogether overwhelming and irreparable.

Her intense sympathy with every form of suffering was of the true kind which spares not itself, and will never be deterred from fearlessly seeking a remedy: while at the same time her active, unclouded intellect would allow her to find comfort in none of the many short-sighted schemes of benevolence. With sad unwillingness she was compelled to trust to the growth of right feeling, and the slow advance of thought and knowledge; and to this great end she was ready to make every sacrifice. Her power of inspiring others to their best efforts was very great; and she had practical plans for the advancement of science and education, to which she had resolved to give her own life and all the material aid she could command.

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.]

THE great and imposing pile of building which rises on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, known as the Hospital of San Spirito, is one of the many munificent and benevolent bequests of past ages, so benevolent and good in their intention, that we shrink with pain from pointing out the mischief they are doing. If departed spirits continue, as some of us believe, to take an interest in mundane affairs when they have cast off this mortal body, they must grieve indeed to see those who would do them honour clinging to the letter of their bequests, instead of recognizing and making use of the knowledge that succeeding centuries of human labour and research

have added to our little stock of science.

On entering this great hospital, you stand in a square hall facing an altar, with high glass doors on each side opening into halls of grand and gigantic proportions. The great height of the building was immensely in its favour, for the ventilation was complete, and no unpleasant odour could offend the most fastidious visitor. Through the fever wards our guide conducted us without hesitation, with the remark, "No fever is infectious; were it consumption it might be otherwise; that ward we won't take you to." So strong is the Italian prejudice as to the infectiousness of consumption, that only when we insisted that we feared no evil consequences from proximity to that sad complaint, were we allowed to enter the long room set apart for it. Children were in wards by themselves—a bad plan, inasmuch as it is now recognized that mortality is much increased by herding children together; besides, when mixed up with the old, they mutually cheer and amuse one another.

In an inner court of this vast building, we find the largest foundling hospital of Rome now open to our inspection, and we do not remember having ever looked on anything more unpleasant and saddening. Here we have nothing short of the good intentions of one age becoming the curse of another. Through a well-barred door we were admitted, after much parleying, by a brisk little nun, into a great quadrangle. From a sunny gallery that surrounds this inner court we entered a number of large airy rooms, all too sadly alike in their mournful and forlorn aspect. The material appearance was

good enough ; most perfect cleanliness visible everywhere. The many little cots so scrupulously clean, with their white sheets and white dimity curtains, each contained three poor abandoned infants, who, swaddled so tightly that no limb could move, looked more like wooden dolls, with indiarubber necks and faces, than like the stretching, crowing, soft little bundles English mothers are accustomed to fondle. A tidy, healthy-looking woman is attached to each cot as wet nurse. Though the cleanliness was great to the outer eye, we could not say in what state the little limbs and bodies were kept cramped in this bundle, which is opened but three times a day. The only convenience of this unhealthy mode of clothing seemed to be that one woman could manage three of them at once, or rather we should say hold three, for we defy the strongest armed and strongest nerved woman to manage even two restless infants when crying with pain. The superintendence of the whole is in the hands of Sisters of Mercy, kind and conscientious, no doubt, but unknowing in the pangs and joys of a mother's heart. They are assisted by a young doctor, who is here studying infant mortality on a large scale, that he may gain experience whereby to keep in health the precious infants of the more fortunate of the same great city. These little ones pass the first year of their life here. At a year old, those who have had vitality enough to survive are put out to nurse among the peasants in the country. From two to nine a day is the number that seek admission. The first duty performed is to baptize these poor little outcasts, and as we entered we met eight strong nurses, each returning from the church with her tiny burden of swaddled humanity, now duly admitted as a member of the great brotherhood of love and equality. And surely one must believe in their creed to be able to see the compensation in store for the sufferings these little ones have to endure. Under the existing system, there seems nothing to prevent a mother depositing her infant,

and then hiring herself as wet nurse, trusting to a turn of fortune's wheel to give her her own to suckle, though she must follow it pretty quickly if she wish to find it again among the hundred or so of muling and puking atoms. Let us hope there may be sometimes some such bright oasis of real love in this desert of suffering. We have no word of approval for this kind attempt to remedy artificially the evil consequences of the heedlessness that brings children into this world of suffering, under circumstances that cruelly forbid a mother's love and care. For a mother's love and care can alone bear successfully with all the difficulties of dawning life, and detect rapidly every change and indication of approaching illness. It is no wonder, then, that in the absence of this never tiring and quick-sighted love, 50 per cent. die under three months old ; as the doctor carelessly remarked as we gazed into a little cot where an infant had already passed beyond crying, while another still uttered the cry of pain, that tells a mother's heart it is yet struggling for life. Other cots exhibited every variety of sickly and starved babyhood. Poor little wizened faces, open mouths, and moaning cries made one intensely melancholy for the suffering still to be endured before death kindly put an end to their agonies. And why should they not die ? Why indeed ? No one needs them ; and their abandonment proves that those who should most have loved them will not miss them. Looking from the window, the streets teem with young life ; and why should any one wish an addition to that mass of pain and wretchedness ? Better, indeed, to die ; but for the thousands it would surely have been better still had they never been born.

It is time that the old theological idea, that each life is a gift from God, should be modified, and that we should recognize children as the result of a voluntary act. At the same time, until public opinion asserts the necessity of love in connection with duties and responsibilities, and until science and a

sense of duty have spread their wings over the whole of our poverty-stricken population, let us cast no stones at those heedless and forlorn, or maybe only sad and weary women who come and deposit their new-born infants in the hole in the wall through which they are admitted to this living grave. They are as much the victims of their circumstances as the poor babes they have borne; and the blame, if blame there be, must attach rather to those who, while they see, or fancy they see, a solution of our great social problems, hold their peace from cowardice or indifference.

At Palermo we visited another of these institutions, which has been working its mischief for nearly three centuries. The infant department is carried on on much the same plan as the one at Rome, except that the infants were not swaddled, and that many more of those admitted are sent out to nurse in the country. The pay given to the peasant women who take charge of these infants is fourpence a day for the first fifteen months, and after that three farthings a day; and great must be their poverty, when, in the hope of some little gain, they are eager to undertake the charge of these babies. When the foster-parents are tired of them, they can always be brought back to the institution and pass into a school in the same building. The boys, however, are removed at six years old to a separate place, where they are kept until they are eighteen, whereas the girls, unless married, have to remain within these nunnery walls till twenty-one.

The infants under four years old had all a sickly, dull, apathetic look, and the nurses were quite as unprepossessing as the children. When the schooling period is over they are made to do the work of the institution. Washing, sewing, scrubbing, making macaroni, tending silkworms, weaving, cooking, are their occupations, carried on under the supervision of eight laywomen and twenty-eight Sisters of Charity. The schoolmistress had been trained in a normal school, but for all that she was

teaching the children in the Sicilian dialect. The long dormitories were clean and orderly, but the curious and peculiar feature of this establishment was the *parlatorio*, or reception-room. Picture a large, long room, the centre portion of which is divided off from the sides and further end by an iron grating which forms a cage, entered only by a well-barred street door, through which visitors from the outer world are admitted. Here they sit on benches to converse with those on the other side of the iron grating. Friends of the Sisters or *employés* of the place and the foster-parents are the usual visitors. Once a week, however, on Sunday mornings from ten to twelve, this place is the scene of the most novel and ludicrous courtships we ever heard described. One of the objects of this motherly establishment is to find fit and proper husbands for the girls under their charge. The fit and proper here is much like the fit and proper of society; the one requisite being that the young man is bound to show himself in possession of sufficient means to maintain a wife in comfort, before he is allowed to aspire to the hand of one of these precious damsels. Having given in his credentials of fitness to the guardians, he receives a card which admits him next Sunday morning to an inspection of the candidates for matrimony. There, sitting on a bench, if his curiosity and ardour will allow him to remain sitting, he awaits the arrival on the other side of the grating of the Lady Superior accompanied by a girl. She has been selected by order of seniority and capacity for household work from the hundred or more between seventeen and twenty-one awaiting for a youth to deliver them from their prison. The two young people, both no doubt breathless with agitation at the importance of the ceremony, have to take one long fixed look at each other. No word is spoken, no sign made. These good Sisters believe so fully in the language of the eye, that to their minds any addition is futile, and might but serve to mystify the pure and

perfect effect of love at first sight. The look over, the Lady Superior asks the man if he will accept the maiden as his bride. Should he answer in the affirmative, the same question is put to her, and if she bows her assent the betrothal has taken place, and they part till the Sunday following. The young lover again makes his appearance before the tribunal of guardians, and there the contract is signed, the day of marriage fixed, and he is granted leave to bring the ring, earrings, a wedding-dress and *confetti*, and present them—through the grid of course—to his betrothed. Everything has to pass the scrutiny of the Sisters, for fear of a letter or some tender word being slipped in with the gifts.

During the few Sundays that intervene between the first love scene and the marriage an hour's conversation within hearing of the Lady Superior is allowed; but not a touch is exchanged. The empty talk, interspersed with giggling, consists of inquiries as to the wedding-dress, the sort of *confetti* most liked, and the occupation and place of abode of the suitor.

Should the young man refuse the first damsel presented to him, he is favoured with the sight of three or four more; but should he still appear *difficile* he is dismissed. The girl also has the power of refusal.

The marriage over, the task of the Sisters is done; here falls a veil they never lift,—and whether happiness and faithfulness are the result of this heathenish rite they never inquire; that would be an impure region into which they could not enter without sullying their own purity. We do not wonder at these holy Sisters doing their best for the girl till the moment of marriage, and cherishing a vague hope that all will then be right; but we do wonder at the men of the world who manage the institution acquiescing in such a barbarous traffic in human flesh and blood as this sale of women. Our readers must before now have wondered what inducement there can be to make the youths who have

the world to choose from come here in search of a wife. Two hundred and fifty francs is the great attraction. That sum is given in dowry with each of these girls, and for that sum, it seems, a Sicilian is willing to sell himself for life. Those girls for whom the institution fails to find husbands are allowed at twenty-one to face temptations alone; and situations are found for them.

The arrangement of the place is on the conventual plan, and our female guide rung a hand-bell as she went along to give warning that a man was approaching.

This monstrous institution is kept up partly by government aid, and last year no less than 1,400 babies were passed through the rota, or revolving cage. The strange love-making we have described is not peculiar to this place; it is also carried on in another institution of Palermo on an even more extensive scale. This is the Asile, or poorhouse, an enormous building, containing 800 children, orphans or destitute, 200 young girls of marriageable age, besides many wives, widows, and aged women. We visited this asylum between nine and ten in the morning, and in spite of the early hour a general idle and listless appearance was visible. True, in some rooms girls were making paste, in others baking, &c., but an enormous proportion stood about looking at us and idling. The children, we were told, were on their way to the schoolrooms, but the leisurely way they went to them betokened little industry when there. Great supervision seemed requisite, for the Sister in charge would on no account permit a member of our party to wander even a few feet away from us; and though a request was made, that, not being strong he might be allowed to rest in the sun in the crowded quadrangle, this even was considered dangerous to the peace of mind of these frail damsels.

This institution has a good many of its inmates on the foundation supported by the misplaced charity of the past. The rest are maintained by government aid, supplemented in a very trifling degree

by the work of the able-bodied among the inmates. Sisters of Charity as usual manage the whole thing, and mass and religious meditation are by no means unimportant parts of the general *régime*. But while we have a poor-law at work in England we cannot afford to be too hard on the Italians for their schemes of charity. They surpass us, however, in stupidity, in keeping girls to the age of twenty-one under far better circumstances than they could be in had their parents not been improvident and reckless, and in then providing them with dowries at the expense of the state.

In conclusion, we would observe that foundling hospitals are not only pernicious as encouragements to over-population. One of the worst things to be said against them, as it appears to us, is that they tend to weaken still further in the breast of parents that instinctive love of offspring by which nature provides for the care of the little ones. The want of this instinct is already one of the greatest defects in the character of men—a defect whereby, besides being disastrous in its social consequences,

there is lost to themselves one of the richest sources of human enjoyment. So far has this gone, that a man is reckoned a good father if he conscientiously *provide* for the care of his children. But we would have it recognized that conscience and a sense of duty, admirable and indispensable though they be, are at best but stepmothers, which at their highest can scarcely be expected to take the place of the natural affection which wells up spontaneously in the breast of a true mother: and that these worthy parents, though they may have many a happiness in their children, must for ever remain strangers to one of the most supreme and tender emotions. The advocates of the emancipation of women are at times assailed with chaff about the feminine philosopher staying at home to mind the baby in the absence of his strong-minded helpmate. We in no way resent this chaff, for we recognize it as no more essential to social regeneration that women should become strong and independent in the world than that men should become tender and helpful in the family.

K. A.

THE GROUPING OF PLANTS.

SOME botanists are of opinion that the Arctic Circle—where Hyperboreans breathed feathers in a credulous age, and where snowflakes fill the air sometimes at the present day—was the cradle of plants, as well as the birthplace of winds, and that the Alpines are the oldest of vegetables and first-born of Flora—that is, of the living Flora, for there is a dead Flora in the coal measures, of unknown origin, though of well-known fate, from whose ashes new plant-life springs.

"Nothing in this world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle."

The Alpines, growing round Upsal and about the house of the great botanist, were the group of plants that Linnaeus first explored; and he always wrote lovingly of them, as if they had breath as well as beauty, speaking of them as those "numerous tribes in Sweden." He calls the algae and lichens "the last of the vegetables, living on the confines of the earth." And as he climbed North Cape on the very edge of Europe he saw the last of the lichens (*Parmelia saxatilis*) sticking like a patch on a rock which crowns that mountain mass in the feather district.

Long since Linnaeus wrote his "Tour in Lapland" Professor Charles Martins of Montpellier visited the humble tribes of Alpine plants on the shores of the North Sea, and observed the dogwood of Sweden (*Cornus alba*), the snowy gentian, and others, on the path that leads up North Cape; and climbing ladders, as Linnaeus had done before him, to see what flowers were blossoming round the chimneys on the turf-roofs of Hammerfest (70° 48' N. lat.) he found the ubiquitous shepherd's purse, a chrysanthemum, a lychnis, and many primitive plants which are scattered over the

heights of Europe, from the tops of the Grampian hills to the Pyrenees and Alps. It has been said that they were left on their present sites by the congealed but moving waves of the glacial sea that once covered Europe, the plains of the arctic regions having been the original centre of distribution of this kind of plants. There is perhaps no reason why one Alpine height should claim to be a birthplace of plants more than another, but a cradle theory is attractive and need not be disputed here. Dr. Daubeny sums up the evidence on this subject with the remark, that, "by a process of logical exhaustion we are driven to conclude that each species was originally introduced into a particular locality, from whence it diffused itself over a greater or lesser area, according to the amount of obstacles which checked its propagation and its own inherent power of surmounting them."

The isolated groups of plants appear to have been gradually moulded into their present types by the pressure of surrounding circumstances, and thus new species were formed; and the cedars of Lebanon and of the Atlas may have both sprung from the Deodar of the Himalayan mountains, which is supposed to be the typical form, being the most fixed in character and extending over the largest area with the least variation.

It must remain a matter of conjecture whether the Alpines originated on this point, or on that; or whether the peaks and plants now separated are parts of a continent and Flora that were once united.

Professor Edward Forbes's theory of specific centres seems to us the most probable solution of a difficult problem, as opposed to Schouw's belief in many primary individuals of a species. The fact that a few plants are native both to North America and Europe, and to

Europe and Australia, which are not found in intermediate countries, affords a glimpse of the startling movements of plants and changes of sea and land in former ages. Some plants must have spread far from their birthplace, wherever it was; others are less widely diffused. Our own irregular coasts, torn, it is supposed, from adjoining continents, exhibit a curiously broken Flora, whose general character is that of Central and Western Europe, tinged, however, with the sap—we can hardly say blood—of adjoining nations of plants. There are, 1st, a West Pyrenean flora in the mountainous districts of the west and south-west of Ireland; 2ndly, an Armorican type on the south-west of England and south-east of Ireland, related to that of the Channel Islands and of Brittany and Normandy; 3rdly, the Flora of the south-east of England and the opposite coast of France; 4thly, the Alpine or Scandinavian type of the Scotch, Welsh, and Cumberland mountains. The most probable explanation of these old but severed alliances is that the scattered links of vegetation were once united, till the bridges of the primeval world were broken and its communications destroyed by upheaval, or by submergence, which buried vegetation and left only the fossils to bear witness of the change.

There is no spot in the world which contains so many distinct groups as the central portion of Eastern Africa, where the botanist finds plants typical of the Cape, Madagascar, the East Indies, Arabia, the north and west coasts of Africa, and, on the high mountains, the Alpines of Europe.

The Alpines are the rats and mice of the vegetable world, ranging widely like those "small deer," while other plants resemble the reindeer and camel in the narrowness of their habitat. Byron said of the date-palm—

"It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth."

It flourishes in the burning sands of Africa and Syria, and is revered as the source of nutriment and raiment in districts where it forms the single link

which binds human life to its desert home. The "palm dynasty" to which the date belongs, and the Soldanella, a lichen which vegetates at zero, while the cocoa-nut-tree does not stir under 68° Fahr., bound the plant world from the tropics to the Arctic circle. There are very few cosmopolitan individuals in the vegetable kingdom, and plants, unlike animals, have very limited powers of acclimatizing; nor can they travel unless conveyed by ships, icebergs, birds, or currents of water, except in the case of cryptogamic tribes, whose sporules are borne on the wings of the wind so easily that any spot on earth might be peopled with them.

Grouping may be regarded as natural when the causes cannot be discovered, and nothing more occult than a mountain range, or other tangible obstacle, intervenes between two Floras. The continent of America is split laterally from north to south into two great plant kingdoms, by the barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

There are lesser groups whose origin is quite unknown, or can only be inferred. The Flora of the East Indian islands is quite distinct from that of China, Japan, or Australia, while the little island of St. Helena has its own Flora distinct from that of the adjacent coast of Africa. There are three species of beech growing respectively in Tierra del Fuego, in Chili, and in Van Diemen's Land, each of which bears on its limbs a peculiar fungus. This is in the strictest sense a natural, not an accidental grouping, since Nature alone could have planted those fungi, and man's hand cannot transplant them. But as the first-named country is sterile, the tall Patagonians might be exterminated by any side wind which destroyed their beeches! since they live almost entirely on the bright yellow, globular fungus (*Cyttaria Darwinii*), which grows in great abundance on the trees, and is the solitary instance of a cryptogamic plant affording the main support of a nation.

Natural groups, like the crops of our fields, are fugitive. They may last as many years as our crops last hours per-

haps, but the sickle of Time cuts them down at last and others replace them. A fern once covered immense tracts in New Zealand, and its root was largely eaten by the aborigines before they learned the art of culture and obtained the potato. It was believed that the fern had succeeded naturally to the primeval forests; its own removal has been effected by cultivation, and in some instances by the encroachments of the fast-spreading Scotch thistle.

Change, not rigidity, is the order of Nature, and suitable sites become unsuitable by a variety of accidents—as when the clearing of timber in the province of Caracas exposed the country to drying winds, which banished the plantations of cocoa-trees to the moist forests of the Upper Orinoco, and other wooded tracts.

The coast of North America, for seventeen hundred miles, from Virginia to the Mississippi, is fringed with pine barrens 130 miles wide, and when the trees are cut down for the exportation of their inflammable products from the port of Wilmington, pines may spring again on the best of the bad soils; but in general the scrub oak is the succession plant. Towards the outfall of the river, where magnificent mixed forests of liquid amber, elm, ash, white and red oak, cherry, magnolia, mulberry, and wild grape have been felled, and the land scourged by corn and cotton, and then abandoned to Nature, the pine and scrub oak, trees of poor soils, have sprung up. But when the land was left unscourged the mixed forest again clothed the bare earth.

It is 200 years since "*Sylva*" Evelyn planted the Wotton woods near Dorking with beech, the ground having been cleared of oak for that purpose. The woods are now magnificent, but in one exposed plantation a wreck of great beeches occurred a few years ago, when a gale followed a snow-storm that had laden their branches heavily, and we observed that birch immediately sprung up thickly on the levelled site, being the crop Nature had sown there at some former period. In like manner a sand-

hill, whose surface of mould had been removed to the glorious gardens at Trentham, was soon gracefully clad with self-sown birch, the offspring of primeval forests. The unexpected springing up of plants which no mortal hand can have sown suggests seedings and rotations longer and less known than that of Norfolk!

We shall proceed to notice other contrasts of vegetation as they occur to us, groups and rotations, rather than logical sequences, being our aim.

De Candolle observes that plants resist extremes in inverse ratio to the quantity of water they contain; and in proportion to the vascidity of their fluids. They resist cold in inverse ratio to the rapidity with which their fluids circulate; they are liable to freeze in proportion to the size of the cells in which their fluids are contained, and the power of absorbing sap, by roots that are little exposed to the atmosphere, lessens the liability. Air, confined in the tissues, enables plants to resist extremes. The hardy character of the Scotch fir therefore may be explained by the fact that its resinous sap does not easily freeze; and dissection may reveal the immediate causes of climatic groupings, but it does not show why the heaths of the Cape are unable to thrive side by side with those of Jutland and the heath-tracts of Northern Germany. We do not propose to grapple with the unknown, but we may discourse a little of the doubtful, and ask how it was that nearly all the heaths, except five or six European species, were confined to the Cape, the epacrises—so closely allied to them—to Australia, the orange to China, nearly all the passion flowers to the New World, and nearly all the roses to the Old? Why are "misery balls" found only in the Falkland Islands, in wet mountainous hollows where huge masses of vegetable matter are formed, partly by their own decay, so near together that the foliage meets above and excludes the sky, shutting in the traveller who ventures into the horrid bog? There are other miserable spots on earth; why

cannot they boast their mounds of balsam-bog (*Bolax glebaria*) and hillocks of tussock grass?

The isolation of particular plants gave rise to the ancient opinion that the gods created them at odd times, when they saw fit, as when Minerva planted the olive in the Mediterranean basin, or when the goddess of discovery presented mandrakes to Dioscorides, the ancient plant collector, who immediately noted them down in his list of new plants. The Hindoo deities had been busy long before those of Greece, and perhaps certain curiously isolated groups at the present day may have sprung from plantlings formerly left on their sites by capricious genii; and in many cases isolated plants would have remained for ever, like shipwrecked mariners, on their desolate islands, but for the agency of that singular busy-body who is constantly tampering with Nature by sea and land, and removing landmarks and plant-boundaries.

But there are constant changes in the vegetable world, necessary to its order and stability, and due to an innate power of organic adaptability which enables plants to survive the struggle for existence to which they are so often exposed, as in the case of the *Rhododendron Dalhousiae* of Sikkim, which would have been lost in certain sites if it had not acquired the power of living, however poorly, on the trunks and limbs of trees in those parts of the humid and teeming forest which are too dense for undergrowth. Dr. Hooker observed that it grew far more luxuriantly when some new road, or fall of timber, provided it with an open site where its seeds found soil to root in, and it was only in the thick forest that the little shrub became epiphytcal, and saved its life by rooting on the rough, wet, and moss-grown branches of the trees. It is probable that under stress of adverse circumstances it might so far change its habits as to lose the power of rooting in its mother earth; and on the other hand, if a specimen were removed to a more open part of the forest it might become the parent of species

that retained no trace of parasitical character.

Elasticity of organization insures the power of development and secures the wonderful variety in the forms of vegetation. We classify our knowledge of parts, organs, and forms under the term Morphology, which leads to the convenient arrangement of plants into classes, species, and genera; but the laws by which fundamental types and shapes were originated and have sometimes deviated into new forms, have not yet been unfolded. We cannot dissect out the disposition of plants or animals, or trace the causes of variation, correlation, and other phenomena of growth; but we can follow the operation of those causes, and avail ourselves of the results of that beneficence which endowed vegetables with a capability of progression and enabled wild plants to establish themselves on their shifting sites, giving the oolite, the lias, the wealden, and all other formations their distinguishing Flora, and providing seeds for every site—seeds for shades and for sunny sites, and for damp places and dry.

Introduced plants frequently eject their predecessors, and appear to benefit, as people often do, by a change of air, thriving in new and distant homes better than in their original habitats.

The plants of Europe have in many cases driven off the vegetable tribes of America and Australia, and occupied their sites; and while the footsteps of the white man are sounding the death-knell of the aboriginal people, his plants are destroying those of the poor savage.¹ There is no kingdom on earth so revolutionary as the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be said to live amidst strife and constant struggles, and to slay each other mercilessly, though without bloodshed or cruelty. The larger trees of the tropical forests are entwined and throttled by trailers, and hugged by lianas till they die; smaller plants seem to wait for the places filled by their

¹ See "Notes on North America," by Johnston; "Lake Superior," by Agassiz; and Dr. Hooker's papers in the *Journal of the Horticultural Society*.

stronger neighbours. There is less rivalry in European forests, only because a few sovereign species of timber trees, like the Scotch and spruce firs of Scandinavia, hold possession of the soil and do not allow the approach of rivals. The plants that feed the populations of the world have prevailed in the fields of nature and of cultivation by virtue of conquest, effected with or without the aid of man; and it is remarkable that the most useful plants are the most robust and elastic, such as the hardy grasses and those great wanderers the *Graminaceæ*, wheat, rice, maize, and millet, which have followed man in all his migrations. What a determination of physical character wheat, maize, the banana-tree, cassava, and others must possess, since they have pushed their way among their compeers, till they each dominate over wide surfaces of the globe, and their true or native country cannot now be determined!

The grouping of plants and the constant testing of those inherent qualities which determine their fortunes, if we may use the expression, have been, and still are, largely influenced by the operation of the natural forces of earth and air. Ice, snow, and water, the trickling rill and the flood, the snowdrift and the storm, or the rasping and abrading glacier, are alike levellers and excavators and promoters of those changes in contour, climate, and vegetation whose records are read by the geologist, while the naturalist detects them in the groupings of plants. It is the "hand of Nature"—a phrase which attractively indicates the source of so many natural phenomena—which has had the greatest share in clothing the earth with its characteristic vegetation. The part man has played in this great work has been comparatively limited in regard both to time and the object to be attained, and it has been confined to the dispersion of useful and ornamental plants, and the forming of botanical collections in gardens, or in the *hortus siccus*; the grander and primary design seems to have been that all the earth should become "with verdure clad."

In conclusion, we add a brief description of the zones of vegetation, and a few examples of those interesting botanical divisions which record the labours of the botanists who have investigated the plants of particular localities: and first let us mention Linnaeus's region in Northern Europe and Asia, including the Umbelliferae and Cruciferae, the carrot and turnip tribes, and the fruits, cereals, pasture grasses, fodder plants, and trees which are found in connection with those esculents. De Candolle's region includes rice and millets, and the fruits and vegetation of the south, represented by the Labiate and Caryophyllæ. Kœmpfer's region includes China and Japan and the tea-plant, with gourds and melons, indigo, hemp, and cotton. Roxburgh's region is Indian and Tropical, and his pages smell of spices. There are twenty-five botanical regions which have been examined by as many eminent botanists, who have named and described more than 100,000 species of plants, while Pliny could only enumerate 1,000 species in his "*Historia Naturalis*." We pass on to notice the zones of vegetation which Humboldt sketched so charmingly in "*Aspects of Nature*," and which other travellers have laboured at till the details of some portions of the botanical map have been filled in with tolerable completeness, and only such districts as the interior of Africa and the Central portions of Asia and South America remain comparatively unexplored. The division just referred to consists of eight botanical zones or kingdoms, extending from the equator to the poles, with corresponding mountain regions extending from the equator upwards towards the cold air of the mountain-tops. Nature does not conform strictly to the arbitrary lines which have been laid down for the purpose of methodizing knowledge and of obtaining a framework to hold its fabric during the process of investigation. Her vegetable subjects often wander beyond the limits of the eight broad beltings, which should therefore be printed on the memory with overlapping edges—or rather, should be

imagined as blending the one with the other like the hues of the rainbow. They are as follows:—

The Horizontal Zones of Vegetation and corresponding Vertical Regions at the Equator:—

1. The Equatorial Zone, 15° N. 15° S. lat. Region of palms and bananas: reaching an altitude of 1,900 feet. Mean annual temperature 81° Fahr.

2. The Tropical Zone, from 15° to 23° of lat. Region of tree-ferns, figs, and pepper-plants: reaching from an altitude of 1,900 feet at the equator to 3,600 feet or 3,800 feet. Mean annual temperature 74°.

3. The Sub-tropical Zone, from 23° to 34° of lat. Region of myrtles, magnolias, and laurels: reaching from an altitude of 3,800 at the equator to 5,700 feet. Mean annual temperature 68°.

4. The Warmer Temperate Zone, from 34° to 45° of lat. Region of evergreen and leathery-leaved trees. The palms and arborescent grasses that were features of the scene in the three warmer zones disappear; the forest-trees begin to appear, and the evergreen oaks, oleander, phillyræa, laurustinus, strawberry-tree, and pomegranate of the Mediterranean basin; the evergreen gleditschiæ and climbing bignonia of the Ohio; the magnoliaceæ (tulip-trees, &c.) and leguminous trees (acacias, &c.), and gigantic reeds of America; the arborescent grasses of the Pampas plains of Buenos Ayres; the *araucariæ* and beeches of Chili,

with the Chilian palm as an outlier, like the dwarf palm of Southern Europe and the palmetto of North America: reaching from an altitude of 5,700 feet to about 7,600 feet. Mean annual temperature 63°.

5. The Cooler Temperate Zone, from 45° to 58° of lat. Region of deciduous trees, with social conifers, pasture grasses, the honeysuckle, the ivy, and the hop (replacing the lianes of the tropics), and of mosses and lichens which feather the trunks and branches of trees instead of the orchids of the tropics. The shrubs are roses, brambles, viburnas, &c., which lose their leaves in winter—there is no cool zone in Africa:—reaching from an altitude of 7,600 feet to 9,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 58°.

6. The Sub-Arctic (and Sub-Antarctic) Zone, from 58° of lat. to the arctic (and antarctic) circle. Region of abietinæ (firs), of the birch and alder, of gay spring flowers and pastures: reaching from 9,500 feet to 11,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 52°.

7. The Arctic (and Antarctic) Zone, from the arctic (and antarctic) circle to 72° of lat. Region of prostrate Alpine shrubs and dwarfs: reaching from 11,500 to 13,300 feet. Mean annual temperature 43°.

8. The Polar Zone, above 72° of lat. Region of Alpine plants, saxifrages, ranunculi, potentillæ, and cryptogamic plants, from the upper line of bushes to that of perpetual snow. Mean annual temperature 38°.

H. EVERSLED.

PICTURA POESIS.*

Two sunny winter-days I sped along
 The Riviera's winding mountain-way,
 Scarcely I caught the blue sea's faint far song,
 By terraced hill and olive-shadow'd bay.

Far off, the Alpine snows' eternal line
 Stretch'd over hills, with wondrous curves cut well
 Against the iridescent dome divine,
 The cupola of light ineffable.

They say thought loses 'neath the Italian heaven
 The mortal languor of its modern scorn;
 That England's passionless pilgrims have outgiven
 An ampler soul beneath the ampler morn.

Would it were thus! In sooth it may be so:
 Yet well I ween my littleness I bore,
 In sight of that imperishable snow,
 In presence of the glory of that shore.

Selfish, before that pureness without end;
 Faith's eye ungifted with a sight more keen,
 What time the outward eye had fullest kenn'd
 Those long deep distances of lustrous sheen.

False, where our God so many a secret writes
 In glorious syllables for souls elect!
 Oh, where the very winter half his nights
 In gardens sleeps, of roses not undeck'd.

If he have wrinkles, they are greenly hid;
 If murmurings, they are tuned to silver seas;
 And any dimness goldenly is chid
 By the great lamps of all the orange-trees.

And so we came to that world-famous sweep,
 Where, on her amphitheatre of hill,
 Old Genoa looks superbly on the deep,
 As if she held her own Columbus still;

* Suggested by Vandyke's picture of a child of the Brignola family in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa.

As if toward Africa at close of day
Her galleys headed under press of sail,
And grand old Admiral Doria, grim and gray,
Watch'd from his terraces their golden trail,

And to the gentle girl who paced beside
Told tales of sinking ships, and war-clouds dun,
Until he heard again the humming tide,
And the long growling of the battle-gun.

Yet still, through all the witchery of the clime,
My heart felt burden'd with its years—and then
I ask'd for something beyond reach of Time,
To make me for a moment young again.

Nor ask'd in vain; for, wandering here and there,
To see the pictures with an idle heart,
Above the Red Palazzo's marble stair
I own'd the magic of old Vandyke's art.

Be still, and let me gaze! A noble child
Upon the master's canvas here I see—
Surely two hundred summer suns have smiled
Italian light, young Brignola, on thee—

The light that makes such violets divine,
And hangs such roses o'er that haunted soil,
And spheres such flashes in the flasks of wine
And fills the olives with such golden oil;

The light, too, that makes heart with living chords
Too fine for happiness, that never fails
To ripen lives too richly—whence the words
Of all those strange, pathetic passion-tales.

But thou, immortal child! with those dark eyes,
And that proud brow—I will not call it white,
A something rather like the snow that lies
Between dark clouds and the unclouded light,—

I know not—will not ask—what was thy fate:
Whether thou laugh'dst in this very spot,
Then wentest forth in beauty with thy mate,
A fair adventure and a gentle lot:

Whether with intermingling gleam and gloom
Thy shadow and thy sunshine did rain down,
Like that sweet lady in the other room—
Thy sister with the gold on her green gown:

Whether thou livedst till life's winter came,
And the calm with it that its spring denies;
Retaining only of thy primal flame
The unextinguish'd light of those full eyes:

Whether thou lovedst, and the winds of Heaven
Blew favourably, and the moon-touch'd sail,
Glimmering into the dark, to thee was given
The sweet life of a little fairy-tale :

Whether thou lovedst, after that forlorn,
Tasting the bitter that grows out of sweet,
Thy forehead pierced and punctured with the thorn,
The cruel thistles stabbing all thy feet :

Till, as befalls in this strange land of thine,
Where prayer and passion, earth and heaven, so mix ;
A wounded thing thou fleddest to love divine,
And foundst a bridegroom in the Crucifix.

But, as it is, thou standest here for aye,
Type of the gracious childhood of the South ;
Thy dark hair never fleck'd with thread of gray,
No channell'd line beside thy perfect mouth.

Thou hast no grief, no selfishness at all,
Possessing all of beauty but its scorn ;
Thou floatest smilingly outside the Fall,
Unsuffering, unsinking, unforlorn.

I cannot question thee. If thou couldst speak,
Thy soft Italian would but touch my ears
As if a sweet wind beat upon my cheek,
Through the dim light, a rain of flowers and tears.

Enough, that wrought by Vandyke's master hand,
I see thy beauty with an inward sight ;
And in a better language understand
Thy childhood's inextinguishable light.

WILLIAM DERRY.

Moral Science : that is, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy	500
Sanskrit Language and Literature	500
Arabic Language and Literature	500

No restraint is placed on the examinee in regard to the number of subjects he may elect to be examined in. For various and obvious reasons some well-defined limit should be imposed.

The estimate of the relative importance of each branch of knowledge is very generally approved; but the practice of deducting 125 marks from each subject is as generally condemned. The authorities justly consider "that a candidate ought to be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer." The penalty is supposed to act as a deterrent with those who would otherwise take up a great number of subjects on the chance of gaining marks "for knowledge of wide surface and small depth." This tax, salutary in some cases, is unjust in others; for it is imposed not only on the smatterer who asks to be examined in six or seven subjects, but on the scholar who seeks examination in two branches.

For instance : A, B, C are examined in Latin :—

	First Marking.	Final Marking.
A marks	$\frac{30}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 0$
B marks	$\frac{124}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 0$
C marks	$\frac{325}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 200$

Thus C, who in the first marking is shown to be a better classic than A by 295 marks, is made to lose 95 marks by the transaction. And B has no means of ascertaining that he has really made four times as many marks as A. This process would be quite legitimate if all the candidates were examined in the same number of subjects, and if each subject carried the same value in marks. But C may be depending entirely on English and classical scholarship; whereas A and B may have two or three other branches to fall back upon.

Again, assuming that a fair knowledge of the language, literature, and history of France, Germany, and Italy is equivalent to a fair knowledge of mathematics, and that two rival candidates exhibit proficiency to the extent of half the whole number of marks in their respective branches—what is the result?

		Total
The Mathematician	625	
marks	$\frac{1250\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 500$
The Linguist marks	Italian $\frac{187}{375\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 62$
	French $\frac{187}{375\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 62$
	German $\frac{187}{375\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 62$
		186

English Composition.

Another kind of objection may be taken in regard to both the first and second marking for English Composition.

A written essay may belong to one of three or more classes. It is either good, fair, indifferent, or bad. Each essay should be entered under one of these classes, and each class should represent a given number of marks. But the method of assessment which declares an essay to be worth 114 or 116 500ths is at best ideal. If the essay be wanting in originality, or in substance, or in the logical arrangement of matter, it may be condemned accordingly; but it is difficult to understand how the deduction for superficial knowledge can be brought to bear on style in composition. However, assuming for a moment that the deduction of 125 marks from each branch is a just tax, it is not too much to say that the very abuses which it was anticipated would be avoided have been actually fostered by its imposition. A careful study of the analysis of the recent six or eight yearly examinations will show how few candidates have cared to run the risk of competing on two or even on three branches of knowledge.

The following figures explain this :—

Number of Candidates examined at the Open Competitions for the five years, 1870 to 1874, inclusive.	Number of Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Number of Candidates selected from these 1170 competitors for service in India.	Number of these 184 selected Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in five or more branches.
1,170	53	309	184	0	26	44

N.B.—The term “branch” must be taken, of course, to mean English generally, or Classics generally, and not a particular subdivision of a subject.

If the supplementary *viva voce* examinations, instituted, as is generally supposed, for the purpose of detecting and exposing the superficially read man, are of any real worth, then the continuance of the system of deduction can only be viewed under two aspects—(a) As an extra-judicial and very irritating additional safeguard; or (b), as a mild protest against the discriminating powers of the examiners.

The prevalent feeling among the examinees is that they are prepared to undergo any amount of examination, provided the only test of merit be by a process of thorough investigation.

If some distinct standard of merit, according to which the marks in the several subjects could be awarded, were set up, a real boon would be conferred on examinees; at present the examiners are changed every year, and each examiner introduces his own standard of what is excellent, or the reverse. The consequence is that each examination provides a large number of candidates with a substantial grievance.

The following statistics are noted as evidence of the fluctuation of marks :—

Mathematics in 1873.

1 Candidate only marked over 500	} 1250ths
3 Candidates " 400	
14 " 250	
37 " did not " qualify.	

Mathematics in 1874.

15 Candidates marked over . 500	} 1250ths
26 " 400	
44 " 250	
15 " did not " qualify.	

English Composition, 1873.

33 of the 35 selected candidates marked over 100	} 500ths
24 " 150	
12 " 200	
10 of the 38 marked 0	

English Composition, 1874.

5 of the 38 selected candidates marked over 100	} 500ths
8 only reached 60	
10 of the 38 marked 0	
N.B.—97 out of 207 competitors marked 0.	

Natural Science, 1872.

The marks were awarded lavishly, notably in the departments of Geology and Zoology.

Natural Science, 1873.

The marks were perhaps more equally and more sparingly distributed.

Natural Science, 1874.

The awards under the heads of “Chemistry” and “Electricity and Magnetism” were high—but the Geologists and Zoologists were, in many cases, positively victimized.

The conclusion to which a person unacquainted with the candidates themselves would come after a scrutiny of what is recorded year by year in the Government Reports, would be that the variation in the marks was a consequence of the fluctuating condition of proficiency. This is by no means the case. A certain number of candidates who began the study of geology and zoology late in the year 1871, remarked that the standard of merit recorded at the examination for the year 1872 was such as to give them reasonable hopes of ultimate success. Notwithstanding the higher standard set up for the year 1873, the results were so far encouraging that, subject to another year of study, they had the clearest right to anticipate satisfactory results.

Had this not been self-evident, many of these candidates who had to rely on Science as their *pièce de résistance* would have withdrawn from the contest. It had been well for them had they done so; since several scored exactly "0," and others lost from 50 to 80 per cent. of the marks gained in the previous competition.

If the writer on Competitive Examinations in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1874 had followed these students through their long course of lecture and practical work, as well in the open country as at the Royal School of Mines, the British Museum, and the College of Surgeons, he would hardly have ventured on so ill-advised a statement as this:—

"Natural Science, according to the mode of examination here pursued, is essentially a cram subject, because it is almost impossible to distinguish between the knowledge which a candidate has gained from actual observation of phenomena and that which he has picked up from books, and also because the study of it in its earlier stages is very much a matter of memory applied to get up facts. Accordingly, while every candidate is prepared in Natural Science, he is not encouraged to go far into it, and the subject is usually left to be got up at the last, after the ground has been made safe in other lines. That it is thus a cram subject might be inferred from the published lists of marks; almost every candidate obtains some marks in Natural Science, but hardly any one obtains a high number. 'Naturals' pay better than anything else to get up in a hurry. This explains the success of the crammers."

A statement so inaccurate and misleading as this has probably never before found a niche in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*; for any one who will be at the trouble of carefully scrutinizing the "published lists" will learn that at the last four examinations, 546 candidates in all were tested in Natural Science, and that no less than 187 scored 0. But the writer insists that hardly any one obtains a high number.

Surely he must have cast his eye, somewhat casually, down the wrong column.

By way of instituting some curious comparisons, and for the sake of perfect fairness, let us append the marks made by those of the selected candidates for the years 1871—1874 inclusive, who happen to have been examined in each of four subjects.

1871.

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	190	405	185	120
	135	92	494	305
	20	199	403	331
	190	201	266	395
	0	77	668	449
	215	260	126	20
	50	148	312	295
	95	277	338	0
	175	274	237	77
	90	283	570	0
	105	239	345	115
	100	255	65	139
	265	86	430	299
	75	111	442	167
	240	159	358	0
	30	283	81	348
	175	40	470	285

1872.

71	177	493	430
97	336	208	85
61	83	663	305
24	251	345	233
55	316	181	107
0	83	627	330
105	182	417	228
78	114	478	230

1873.

220	215	158	104
99	252	60	472
101	146	405	0
168	230	71	217
188	107	237	0
292	228	0	181
101	273	209	5
169	286	0	140

1874.

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	0	419	575	197
	0	400	717	324
	19	205	586	421
	0	178	679	309
	24	324	534	24
	17	123	609	330
	65	224	158	35
	0	134	549	191
	3	218	527	0

And if we pick and choose among the unsuccessful candidates of these years we may meet with the following startling results :—

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	175	116	201	327
	95	235	44	324
	175	105	98	259
	110	0	192	554
	10	203	104	241
	200	84	0	253
	180	142	97	185
	30	208	92	248
	0	166	0	252
	81	161	250	203
	121	183	122	329
	28	226	14	324
	63	26	270	338
	12	261	77	322
	53	34	8	395
	0	29	165	272
	64	147	184	396
	128	0	228	389
	113	143	169	208

Had the reviewer sounded this note of alarm four years ago, it would not have been out of season; moreover, the public would have been placed in the possession of information

which at the time was known only to a very few. But he is guilty of telling a tale in the year 1874, the virtue of which has long since exploded. Briefly, this is what occurred. In the year 1868 the maximum number of marks allotted to Natural Science was 500. This, in the opinion of certain scientific gentlemen, was a very low figure to assign to a branch of knowledge which at our universities, and at some few of our public schools, was claiming particular attention. Accordingly the authorities consented to place Natural Science on a better footing by increasing the maximum of marks to 1,000. The consequence was precisely what every sane man would have expected. The bait was tempting, the idea was novel and liberal, the subject was interesting, and thus the bids for marks in Science were plentiful. University men, schoolboys, and the candidates reading with private tutors, all had a bite at the cherry; indeed, the entries for Science in 1869 nearly doubled those for the previous year, and what with the then benevolent spirit of examiners, and the want of a fixed standard of qualification, a great number of competitors had a short and by no means unsuccessful mark hunt. Of course the critics may assume, if they choose, that the same sort of thing is going on now, and they may tell the public so, and the public will probably believe it; but this is no guarantee that the information is correct.

It is much to be regretted that a literary essay of so much theoretical merit, and to which, in consequence, such prominent attention has been called, should have abandoned some of its chiefest points of attack to this sort of counter evidence. The public have been pestered for years with "competitive" theories: they now want facts, and nothing but scrupulously accurate facts; and they ought to be disabused of the notions they have formed respecting what is vulgarly called "cram." It may be remarked that all work that is done away from school, or from one of the universities, whether it be of the highest or the lowest order,

is nowadays supposed to be indigestible, and is called "cram." The forced imparting of ill-digested matter may reasonably be called "cram;" but the careful conveyance of well-digested matter is not "cram." By what authority, then, are these scathing tirades against private tuition uttered and written? Why is every man, who does not happen to be a lecturer in an endowed educational institution, to be styled a "crammer?" A pertinent refutation of this popular fallacy was conveyed in the following remark made a short time ago by a gentleman eminent in the scientific world:—"I assisted in the lecture work at the University of Cambridge for twelve successive years; I bring my university lectures, together with increased experience, to bear on my pupils in London, and I am dubbed a 'crammer.'"

The British public seriously believe that competition wallahs are undergrown, brainspent creatures, who have been subjected to a "nefarious system" of education, and have been allowed to suffer premature growth in an exotic nursery; and that their tutors, the so-called crammers, are little better than burglars, who possess a Mephistophelian aptitude for rendering pupils impervious to assaults by the Civil Service Commissioners. The truth is, that the candidates for these higher examinations are notoriously the most exacting and the most hypercritical of students. They know perfectly well what scholarship and high class tuition mean; and if they leave school for a course of special reading, it is not because the school instruction is not of the highest order, but because their prospects of securing the prize of a grand start in life are enhanced by a continuous and uninterrupted course of study, and by having a definite object constantly in view. What the most earnest of these candidates also desire is to be placed, for the nonce, at a safe distance from the temptations and daily interruptions of the cricket field, the boating and foot-ball clubs, and other school sports. And will anybody assert that this is not the very moment

of their lives when a little self-denial should be cheerfully exercised?

The purport of this paper is not to champion private teaching, nor to assume that it is necessary for a candidate to read with this or that tutor if he would be successful. It is sufficient to say that the best teachers have no special art, except the power of teaching; and that really good and sound work will always hold its own by whatever name it may be called. I am, however, most anxious to put on record a few details bearing on the defective principles of action now in vogue; for nine-tenths of the strictures contained in the above quoted article, and, indeed, in nearly all that has been written on this subject of late, are really referable to other causes than the evils of private tuition. So very little is known about the process and the practical results of this examination, that the critics, anxious to explain the reason of its comparative failure, have selected the private tutors for their scapegoats.

So numerous are the instances of premiums being paid for paltry knowledge in some subjects, that it is fast becoming a moot point whether the candidate who aims at a high standard and the tutor who helps him are not over-exerting themselves. It may be that some tutors who prepare men for the higher as well as lower examinations have found this out long ago, and have saved themselves and their pupils the labour of serious reading. Hence, the ugly sobriquet of "crammer" has been transmitted through them to the more painstaking but less wary members of the profession. One case in point is worth quoting. A candidate after $4\frac{1}{2}$ years study, in view of the Indian Civil Service, has just succeeded in gaining a low place on the selected list. Very few, if any, more honestly read men in English and Science have presented themselves for examination during the past ten years. Last year the highest mark awarded for English Literature, and a very high mark for History, fell to him. The year before he also distinguished himself

in the same subjects. Among the historical works to which he had access, and which he had carefully read, and continued to read to the last, were:—Freeman's "Norman Conquest" and "Growth of the English Constitution;" Kemble's "Saxons in England;" Stubbs's "Select Charters;" Pearson's "History of the Middle Ages;" "The Paston Letters;" Hallam's "Constitutional History;" Erskine May's "Constitutional History;" besides parts of Palgrave's "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," miscellaneous biographies, and historical tracts.

But the verdict passed in 1874 on his knowledge of history was identical, as expressed in a small number of marks, with that passed on a comrade of his who knew comparatively nothing whatever of the subject. In fact, the cursory perusal of a school text-book for six months would have served this candidate's purpose equally well; and young men are apt to notice these things. One may fairly conjecture he was vigorous enough for this year's struggle, as he was the only man of 207 competitors who appears to have really pleased Mr. Matthew Arnold in English essay writing.

The lesson to be derived from this serio-comic circumstance is, that high class reading may suffer equally with pure "cram" in the process of examination; and that they who condescend to take their stand on the low level of "mere smattering" have been, so to speak, warned off the higher ground by "caution" signals of this authoritative character. In the teaching communities, there may be persons with such queer notions of what is legitimate and high-minded that the profession of private "coaching" (outside the walls of universities) is liable to lose in dignity what it may gain in a certain vulgar notoriety. It is not that special preparation for the multifarious ordeals regulated by the Civil Service Commissioners is a dangerous expedient in itself if properly carried out, since in most large schools there appear to be distinct arrangements to meet this par-

ticular end; but that recent legislation, by abolishing patronage, and by opening the door to every adult in Great Britain and Ireland within a particular limit of age, has tended to multiply twentyfold the number of competitors, and has consequently created a market, now quite flooded, for the employment of private tutors and lecturers.

It was obvious that in the excitement of such vast changes the theory that "all is fair in war" would freely obtain with some men more selfish and less scrupulous than they ought to be; and judging from the tempest of denunciation which has lately spent itself in the public press, it is to be inferred that there are delinquents in the land. And just as hundreds of innocent persons were arrested under the "general warrants," issued to trap offenders of the John Wilkes stamp, so the despotic and potent arm of anonymous criticism has fallen heavily on all to make sure of reaching the few who have abused their opportunities.

The foregoing statistics represent a mere fraction of the evidence which can be brought forward to support the charge of inconsistency in the present scheme of marking. It must, however, be admitted that four branches have been marked throughout with fair consistency—Classics, Italian, Sanskrit and Arabic. The value of proficiency in the other branches seems to be about as unfixed as the weather during these Eastertide competitions. And it is quite intolerable to hear the ever-recurring question put by anxious aspirants, "Do you think such and such a subject will pay this year?"

A new rule has recently been introduced which imposes on each candidate a fine of 5*l.* for the privilege of being examined. The sum collected annually in aid of the expenses of this competition amounts to over 1,000*l.* If the whole or the greater part of this sum were expended on a Court of Examiners, whose duty it would be to suggest questions, to fix the character of the examination, and to see that the marks were distributed in accordance with

a prescribed plan, there would be an end to the exercise of those erratic and arbitrary assessments of merit which are the occasion of so much positive injustice.

The practice of compelling each candidate to undergo a *visd voce* examination in all his subjects would, if carried beyond its present narrow limit, answer two purposes. It would entirely obviate the necessity of deducting marks for so-called superficial knowledge; and it would give the more able men a chance of being subjected to a really crucial test. But where is the opportunity in a ten or twelve minutes' conversation of discovering the merit that is exceptionally high? One hears far too many instances of candidates of second-rate merit being asked questions in history or literature that "suited" them, and of well-read men meeting with "dreadful luck;" and it is notorious that in the process of comparing notes after these brief interviews, A finds he could have answered the questions which B missed, and *vice versa*. This species of lottery, if amusing to some, is demoralizing to others.

It is suggested that a searching test in this direction would prove to be the backbone of this examination. Many a man of ready and fluent expression will make mere text-book reading do him extravagant service, and if this happens to be supported by certain suitable questions in a brief *visd voce* test, he will do far more than hold his own against a less lucky but infinitely superior competitor.

If we may assume that it is feasible to fix a definite standard of merit, and to have this standard kept under supervision and control, it would not be necessary to make any change in the regulations presently in force touching Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Oriental languages. But the time allowed to each competitor for a *visd voce* examination in modern languages ought to be extended to half an hour, except in cases of unmistakable breakdown. And the examinees in Moral Philosophy, English History, English Literature, and in the four remaining

branches of Natural Science, should be tested by two sets of examiners in the respective subjects.

The time now allowed for Practical Chemistry is ample; but the Zoologists, for instance, have no sufficient opportunity of recording a sound practical acquaintance with this special branch of science. At the recent competition a few unusually advanced students of Zoology presented themselves—men who had worked diligently on the subject for three years, and who had supplemented private study by over a hundred lectures, delivered during the final year alone. Of what substantial avail to them was a somewhat hurried talk with an examiner who had only a couple of bones on a table? The very test which on the previous occasions was pronounced all-important, and indeed imperative as evidence of merit, viz., Comparative Anatomy, was not even introduced by the new examiner. Not a single subject was offered for dissection. It was pleasantly hinted that the examiner might possibly have been contaminated by the startling revelations in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had taken for granted that "naturals" are invariably "got up in a hurry." It is humbly submitted that if anything is done "in a hurry," the candidates themselves are rarely responsible for it; and in justification of the proposal made on this head, the following remark once made by a Civil Service examiner will not be out of place:—"How can I get at the bottom of a man's knowledge in so wide a subject as Mental and Moral Philosophy in a quarter of an hour?"

2. Final selection after probation.

After what has been remarked respecting the state of public feeling in regard to the general character of Civil Service Examinations, it is easy to understand how the impression has gone abroad that our prestige in India is declining. The Anglo-Indian is wont to regard each new arrival with a cautious and supercilious eye; he has made up his mind that the men who have

pushed their way through the gates of open competition have given no further evidence of fitness to undertake the delicate task of governing a proud, susceptible and keen-sighted race of men, than is implied by a certificate of good moral character, and the somewhat whimsical approbation of an irregularly constituted staff of examiners. In his opinion the main qualification aimed at is the kind of ability that is brought out in the course of a technical examination. Beyond this, it would seem to matter little whether a candidate be utterly devoid of tact or good manner, or capacity for governing others. It is enough that he has made good his claim at a paper work ordeal. Now, no one shall say that alarmist cries have not been dinned into our ears during the last decade; some, in England, against the vices of the competitive system, and some, from India, against individuals. The echoes of these alarms are perpetual; but somehow they suggest nothing beyond an honest grumble.

I venture to assert that if the whole matter be viewed from a single focus we shall discover two large bubbles: the one represents Conservative prejudice in a somewhat exaggerated form; the other represents the political blunder of rewarding ability in a few cases in the wrong direction. Every unprejudiced person who knows anything about the stamp of recruits during the last ten years, will admit that, despite the falling off in English university undergraduates, a very large proportion of eminently desirable men have joined the service, and that a certain number of undesirable men have crept in. Small as the number of undesirable men may be annually, it should be remembered that the process of accumulation has been going on for years; and that the evil is beginning to assume proportions sufficiently dangerous to justify the outspoken remonstrances of impartial men. The doctrine that a man who can make a given number of marks in an examination is quite as efficient as any other man for the purposes of service in India, is one as false as it is politically inexpedient.

In the recesses of a Government office at home, where good abilities combined with sound common-sense are chiefly wanted, such a theory may perhaps hold good; but to maintain the same view in regard to men whose individuality must always be prominent in their management of tens of thousands of aliens, is about as wild and impractical as were the Paper Governments of defunct Utopists. It is no argument to assert that the modern social failures are merely duplicates of the intellectual failures under the Haileybury system. Of the two the former are perhaps the more capable of disseminating unsatisfactory and injurious influences.

In a lecture which was delivered on this subject by Dr. Birdwood some time back, marked allusions were made inferentially to a process of "cajoling" and "crimping" clever candidates to join in the race. There is certainly no restrictive machinery at work in Cannon Row sufficient to check anything of the sort; and if there be any measure of truth in this inference it would go far towards accounting for the successful intruders. Dr. Birdwood possibly had in his mind a passage in "The Mirror for Magistrates":—

"For knowing fancie was the forcing rother
Which stirreth youth to any kind of strife."

But this is obviously a matter in the hands of the authorities and for a Commission of Inquiry. In the present emergency, what is really wanted is to procure by means of open competition a wide and varied assortment of intellectually capable men, *in excess of the number actually wanted*, and to submit them to a subsequently rigorous inquiry.

It so happens that in an examination for the selection of a given number of candidates, the line must be drawn very rigidly at the foot of an aggregate number of marks; anything answering to sub-division of merit into classes would create an *embarras de richesses*. Occasionally one mark, and very frequently as few as ten marks

in a gross total of 7,875, will separate candidates from their last hopes of entering the service; and the history of the last fifteen competitions will tell us that the want of from one mark to about 150 marks has, alone, caused the rejection each year of thirty to forty candidates. Now, apart from what has been urged touching the variable standard of this particular competition overwhelming evidence can be produced to show that there is little or no difference in the intellectual calibre of the last twenty who succeed, and the next thirty who fail. The small distinction which exists within this range has its origin in the process of examination; indeed, a little luck here and there reduces the whole affair to a lottery in which the candidates, say from Nos. 20 to 70, are the players; and thus it is that one constantly hears of the failure of so-called "dead certainties," and the success of less brilliant but more plodding men. And as it is to be feared that so long as open competition continues in force, the caprices of private speculation will provoke the current of straightforward legislation, the most wholesome and the most legitimate check would seem to be—

1. To nominate, supposing there are forty vacancies, the first 65 or 70 candidates from the examiners' lists, not in order of mark-merit, but in alphabetical order.

2. To bring these candidates under one roof—by all means an absolutely independent one—and then proceed to the final selection.

3. To give each nominee distinctly to understand that he has been selected as a probationer, and that his preliminary qualification in the intellectual test shall in nowise entitle him to a definite claim.

4. To publish the names of the selected candidates with as little delay as possible, and to retain them in a college for one year only, for reasons given in clause 8.

5. To distribute rewards among the most deserving of three-fourths of the remaining nominees without further ex-

amination; some to be appointed to the India Engineering College, others to the Indian Forest Department, or to the Indian Public Works Department, according to evidence of fitness displayed in the first competition.

6. Government to bear the expenses in college for these three months of the absolutely unsuccessful men, subject of course to satisfactory certificates of conduct. It would scarcely be politic to indulge each probationer with the idea that some sort of reward will be the consequence of admission to the college; therefore a few of the least deserving should be made to draw blanks.

7. To apply the money now paid in salaries to the selected candidates during the interval between the open competition and their departure for India, towards the expenses of board and tuition in college.

8. To arrange for two "final" examinations to be held within twelve months. The present method of subjecting these candidates to four periodical examinations in Indian Law and general Jurisprudence, Political Economy, History and Geography of India, and Oriental Languages, extending over two years, is felt to be an irksome eking out of precious time in a state of chronic competition. I must, however, in making this remark, be understood to be representing the opinions expressed by only a certain proportion of competition wallahs; but I have reason to believe the feeling obtains very generally among them. In truth, having triumphed over the main impediment, and having been actually allocated to their respective Presidencies, the offers of a few 10*l.* prizes for special excellence in these new branches of learning cause very little excitement among men already nauseated with competition; and the 10*l.* fines which are imposed (and deducted from the salaries) when a certain qualifying minimum of marks is not reached, do not necessarily conduce to more than a minimum amount of study. So languid, indeed, is the work in many cases, that the fine-money has sometimes paid for the prizes. The

vesting, as it were, in each candidate of a reversionary interest payable in two years, subject to his keeping pace with "a respectable degree of proficiency," will account for the lukewarmness which is said to characterise the finishing touches. The reversioners are masters of the situation; they may live where they like; attend lectures or leave them alone as they like; in fact, they may do pretty well as it listeth them, provided they come up to mark at the end of each successive half-year, either by forced marches or by "dragging the slow length along."

The business of founding such a college and of selecting a staff of adjudicators, would, beyond doubt, be a difficult and delicate matter; and still more difficult would it be to convince the legion of sceptics that the arbitrators who start on patriotic principles shall not have the opportunity of degenerating into dispensers of patronage. But a few clear-headed, practical, and liberally-minded men may be trusted to build their house on something better than sand; and if an idea may be borrowed from Fuller's "Worthies of England," these architects would know beforehand that their mansion would not be fitted with trumpery "furniture." The whole, or nearly the whole of it, would be very solid, and if it must needs leave the country, why not send the best and more appropriate pieces to districts most in want of them?

The vast importance of recruiting the Civil Service of India with the best procurable material will justify this recourse to a process of elimination. But as no single nominee, on entering the college, would have the remotest right to consider his claim in any way pre-eminent, the protective character of the scheme would be more than counterbalanced by the liberality of the compromise; and the additional appointments could be made annually without any strain on the resources of the Government. The development of this plan may perchance lead to a satisfactory solution of a much-vexed question. At the present moment, the wire is

being pulled from opposite extremes: from the West by the supporters of the competitive system as such, and from the East in aid of a more appreciative recognition of the peculiar wants of an empire of no mean stature. The strain is now very great, and it would be well to take precautionary measures in good season for preventing the shock of a too elastic recoil, either to the one side or to the other.

If it should be conceded that a college with governing powers, answering to the dimensions proposed, be necessary, the graver question of a feasible plan of operations—the appointment of the staff, and so forth—can be considered at a future time. It will be patent to every one that the scheme in its present shape is but a skeleton scheme, and that the objections and complications that may arise therefrom will culminate at the point where I am leaving it. But this seems to me a convenient halting-place; for unless the broad principles of the plan embodied in Clauses I to 5 inclusive be approved, the further development of the idea would be futile. But I claim for the idea, as such, an attempt to bring about, and that in a liberal manner, those elements of change which have been advocated from time to time by different classes of partisans; namely, that there should be unrestricted competition open to all natural born British subjects; that the means for distributing rewards among those who have sacrificed time and labour in view of this competition be widely extended; that the beneficial influences claimed for Old Haileybury be in part restored; and—what is of paramount importance to the interests of the Indian Civil Service—that the social and moral qualities of examiners be not absolutely cast aside in favour of an intellectual or mere mark-making test. There are plenty of Anglo-Indians resident among us who would be competent to preside over such an institution; and the difficulty of selecting a jury of clever, discriminating and impartial men is not quite insurmountable; for we have ample evidence of the existence of most able

management, contempt for any form of partiality, and unswerving honesty of purpose in that colossal Government organ—the Civil Service Commission; and there is no reason why a smaller sister-chamber, which would be brought more or less under its supervision and influence, should be started on false lines, or be conducted on less dignified principles. And if I have ventured to comment somewhat plainly on the too great freedom vested in individual examiners for the exercise of private judgment, there was no covert intention of impugning either the legislative, judicial, or executive functions of this Commission.

In submitting these few observations to the consideration of all who may be

interested in the Civil Service of India, I should wish to state, in conclusion, that I have entered the arena of this controversy with diffidence, owing to the peculiar position in which I am placed relatively to this and to other Government examinations; but as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* has come forward with indifferent details and without a practicable plan, and as he threatens some private tutors with excommunication, and talks of “sounding the knell,” I may be excused for appearing even with this modest contribution before my “parting day,” the more so because I am writing by the express invitation and under cover of the moral support of some head masters of leading public schools.

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES.